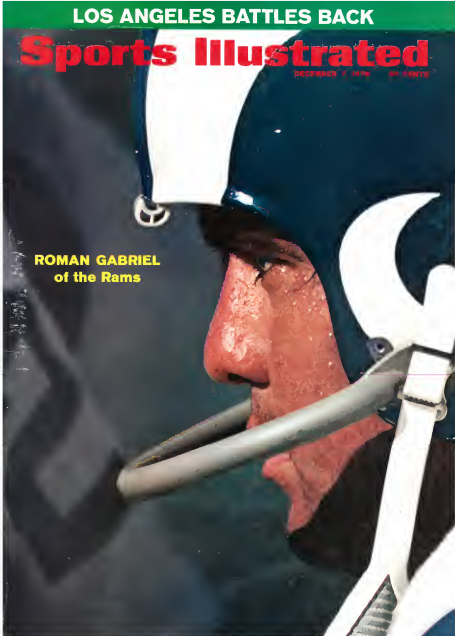


LOS ANGELES BATTLES BACK

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 7, 1979 60 CENTS

ROMAN GABRIEL
of the Rams



'tis the reason
to be jolly



The True Old-Style Kentucky Bourbon

Husbands, here are 18 Arpege Promises that may save your marriage.

(Promise her anything but give her Arpege.)

This Christmas give her an Arpege Promise.

Just pick a promise. Write it on a card. And wrap it up with a gift of Arpege.

Arpege and promises go together. They always have.

There are 34 Arpege gifts from \$2.50 to \$500.

1. I promise to lose ten pounds.

2. I promise to stop getting hooked up with wild schemes and start earning a steady living.

3. I promise to cut down on my drinking.

4. I promise to change completely.

5. I promise to stop telling you that our youngest is developing effeminate tendencies.

6. I promise we'll make more love and less war.

7. I promise to see a psychiatrist if you do.

8. I promise that when I get the forty-year itch, you'll do the scratching.

9. I promise to stop driving as though I were in the Indianapolis 500.

10. I promise you can have a cleaning lady.

11. I promise to take you on a business trip.

time with the kids.

15. I promise to make a new stab at making our marriage work.

16. I promise we've picked up roots for the last time. I'm not accepting the job in (name of city).

17. I promise that you look sexier to me today than you did ten years ago.

18. I promise to love you always.



An Arpege Promise

*Honey,
I promise to spend
more time with
the kids.
Love, Pat*

Arpege Toilet Water Mist (\$50)
and Promise No. 14

12. I promise not to be disappointed if it's another girl.

13. I promise not to step on your lines at parties. You do have amusing things to say.

14. I promise to spend more



Christmas gifts for fun



This is the gift with everything for a round of golf and a round of refreshment afterwards. A dozen top quality MacGregor MC 90 Plus golf balls and four beautiful on-the-rocks glasses, all in one handsome gift box.



New Jack Nicklaus "Golden Bear" clubs by MacGregor. For the big golfer on your list. New "Tour Flight" steel shafts and laminated wood heads.



The Willie Mays wingback glove by MacGregor. All the pro features like "V-Hinge" web and "Adjust-a-Wrist" strap to help make an all-star.



The "Big O", MacGregor's Oscar Robertson autograph rubber basketball. Official size, weight and color. Tough enough for outside play.

MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN SPORTS

CONSUMER DIV. • BRUNSWICK CORP. • DEPT. S-12(1)
1-75 AT JIMSON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215

Contents

DECEMBER 7, 1970 Volume 33, No. 23

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

16 Mellow Wine in a New Bottle

After a year in which everything turned sour, Jerry Laro, a wino, savors the sweet taste of success

20 Two Worlds Against Them

The Chicago Black Hawks, who anticipated an early championship, are fighting East and West to gain it

22 Amateur Week at the Heritage

Two youngsters show little regard for their putting partners and threaten an upset—until an old Master comes on

24 How the West Was Tied

The Aves thought they had it won, but the Ravens came from behind to beat them and share the division lead

30 Buddy Is Everybody's Buddy

He sells adventure to anybody who will buy—winners, losers and you want to go ballooning, old buddy?

38 Hot Pace in a Big Mini-Race

The drive is on for a \$150 million market in toy cars with a whole world of kids hanging on every turn

82 The Making of a Quarterback 1970

With a little coaching from the White House, Buffalo's Jack Kemp turned out to be a pro at the polls

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 73 Cross-Country |
| 62 People | 76 Rugby |
| 64 College Football | 99 For the Record |
| 70 Bridge | 100 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and by Time Inc., 740 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Ruth and B. McMurphy, Treasurer; John J. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of post- and in Canada. Subscription price, in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands, \$12.00 a year; outside these areas, in the world \$8.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

© 1970 by Time Inc.


Next week

HORNS AND HOGS look up at football's annual zoological zoology between Texas (No. 1) and Arkansas (No. 4). Dan Jenkins and the color camera report the official war.

ALI VS. BOWEN may be somewhat different from Ali vs. Quarry. Oscar has never been knocked out, rarely put down and he has twice felled the mighty Brewer.

NOTRE DAME still plays football as of now, but Jerry Kirshenbaum's roundup of life on the South Bend campus finds it anything but oblivious to the winds of change.

It's all here in black and white.



You may not be able to get what you want on TV, but you can get what you want in it. If you get a Panasonic. Because we give you more sets to choose from than anyone else. In screen sizes starting as small as 1½ inches (measured diagonally) and going all the way up. In all kinds of combinations. Some with FM/AM radios.

Some with clocks that put our sets to sleep after TV puts you to sleep. Others with clocks that wake you up. Even portable TVs with batteries inside so you can take them anywhere. With all kinds of features. Like Set-and-Forget tuning so you can adjust sound and picture once and then get it that way every time. And Speed-O-Vision so you can see everything as soon as you turn the set on. Speakers that do as much for the sound as our reinforced picture tubes do for the video. All kinds of automatic circuits.

The works. So if you want to get just what you want in a TV set, it's as simple as black and white. Go to any dealer carrying the Panasonic line. It's all there.

PANASONIC.

just slightly ahead of our time.

The 21st Century Golf Shoe With Aztran by Foot-Joy Revisited

(Or, How Success Went to Your Feet and Put a Smile on Our Face.)



Last year we published an ad in this magazine announcing a new "21st Century Golf Shoe with Aztran." Remember it?

It promised heretofore unavailable advantages in a golf shoe, i.e. the scuff-resistant, water-repellent beauty of Aztran wedded to the practicalities of our lifetime Perma-Spike™ plate.

The resulting demand for these shoes nearly drove our production man bananas. It was a huge success, though we must admit, not an unqualified one.

You can't please everybody

We got static from some people. First, because of the limited (one) styles. Granted it looks great. Granted it's available in all black, all white and black and white. There's always someone who wants something different.

And then the newly liberated ladies set up a collective howl that must have been heard at St. Andrews. Where were their 21st Century Foot-Joy shoes? Ladies are nothing if not practical.

So, to make some commercial use of this rather expensive magazine space we take belated pride in making two announcements.

Ladies First

1. Foot-Joy 21st Century Golf shoes with Aztran and Perma-Spike plates are now available for distaff golfers. And our delay in producing them is not entirely due to male chauvinism. We've used the time to develop three very feminine characteristics for the shoe. It's made of a special lighter weight Aztran. The sole is a story in itself. It's the first golf shoe with a polyurethane sole that is the newest, lightest and strongest material ever put in a golf shoe. And we've developed a way to make one pair of white golf shoes look like a golf shoe wardrobe.



That handsome kiltie is removable and replaceable. For the price of a couple of good golf balls you can substitute a red, a yellow or a blue kiltie on the same shoe using a simple Velcro fastener. That's classy.

Now the men

2. The most popular men's shoe style since the Reformation is now available in Foot-Joy's new 21st Century: the Monk Strap.

And handsome does as handsome is.

Each strap is secured, not to the shoe itself, but to a short, tough length of rubber strap. It stretches as you walk and as you swing. You can put this shoe on with a shoe horn without disturbing the buckle...and it will still cradle your foot snugly as you swing.

It has the same indestructible Perma-Spike plate. Same great comfort. But a slightly different look from the first 21st Century Foot-Joy.

Note



Many Foot-Joy golf shoes with our tungsten-carbide tipped spikes are identified with this mark.

It certifies that each spike is tipped with the same incredibly hard substance used on spiked snow tires. If the snow tire studs barely wear down on thousands of miles of dry roads, how many rounds can you play on grass without wearing them down? Think about it.

Conclusion

Your golf professional has these new Foot-Joy golf shoes in his shop. If he's male he's played in these shoes. If you have a lady professional, she's played the new ladies model. We'll rely on their recommendation whether you should own a pair or not.

We end on a happy note. Price is not a consideration. You can own a pair of these fine golf shoes for under \$40.



Foot-Joy: #25564, white only

Foot-Joy: #59212, black #59204, white

Foot-Joy with **AZTRAN** by Goodrich

Can your pipe tobacco fail this simple test?

If a pipe tobacco is any good, it should make a bad cigarette.

Yet many leading pipe tobaccos are being used by people who roll their own.

Which should tell you something about many leading pipe tobaccos.

Now let us tell you about Kentucky Club Mixture.

It's made exclusively for pipes. And you can tell just by looking at it.

The tobaccos in Kentucky Club Mixture are cut four different ways: ribbon, cube, flake and shag.

Unlike tobacco that can be used in cigarettes, which is cut more evenly and burns fast, Kentucky Club Mixture burns slow and cool. No biting.

You can also tell the difference by smoking Kentucky Club Mixture. It's not designed to be inhaled, so we don't have to make it bland. Kentucky Club Mixture is an aromatic blend of five imported and domestic tobaccos. It fills your mouth with flavor.

Fill an envelope with this coupon and see.

Simple Test
Box 1600
Wheeling, West Virginia 26001

Send me a free pouch of Kentucky Club Mixture (we enclosed an empty package of a competitive brand in exchange

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© 1971 Dunhill Products, Inc. Offer expires December 31st 1971

SHOPWALK

In Iceland the sheep dye their own wool sweaters and make them soft and tough

If you can keep warm in Iceland, you can keep warm anywhere. And all you need do to find out how is to look at the wool, long-haired happy sheep that wander freely all over that chilly land, their variegated wool in motley clays of russet, gray, black, chocolate, white and fawn. They seem warm enough. Way back in the Viking age, the canny Icelanders had the wit to adopt the same garb as the sheep, wool sweaters that are a sort of Ulster national dress, thus ensuring the survival of their rugged race.

Luckily for the knitters, there were and are plenty of sheep in Iceland. Today the number is three quarters of a million, or four sheep for every inhabitant. Icelanders are proud of their multicolored flocks, and claim that their wool, which grows from 12 to 19 inches, is the longest of any breed. The best of the wool is used for sweaters. It is called "Lopi," which means amputee, it is merely combed and carded, then hand-twisted into skeins. Wool buffs contend that it combines the hard-wearing qualities of merino with the softness of mohair.

In less exotic parts of the world, the wool used for clothing has to be dyed, and in preparation for dyeing much of the natural oil is extracted. But in Iceland the color grows right on the sheep and the wool is left undyed, retaining all its original luster. As a result, garments made from Lopi are not only wonderfully warm, but also snow- and water-repellent, which is ideal for the skier, the angler or the jack-of-all-trades. Elegant and eye-catching, they do very nicely, too, for the girl who prefers to concentrate on the apré-ski and the après-ski.

All over Iceland, Viking women of all ages knit away through the Arctic winter making these handsome, shaggy casuals. Knitted in a fairly large stitch (no No. 10 needles, they come in a high-necked, round-collared raglan style, and are worn long and loose like a floppy Joe. There are also slouchy hooded cardigans, finished with attractive, embroidered metal buttons.

If you are in Iceland, one of the best places to buy hand-knits is the Icelandic Handcrafts' Centre, Hafnarstræti 3, Reykjavík. But you don't have to take the next plane to Reykjavík. Icelandic sweaters (priced from \$43) can now be bought by mail-order from International Creations—a subsidiary of Reynolds Yarns Inc. at 169 Cabot Street, West Babylon, N.Y. 11704. The company also supplies do-it-yourself Icelandic knitting kits (from \$66 to \$201). The sweaters are not hard to knit, and the high lanolin content of the natural yarn produces a marvelous effect on the knitter's skin. "As good as a mammoth any day," says one smooth-handed devotee.

—JANE L. GRAHAM

VISIT YOUR MASTERWORK NEIGHBORHOOD DEALER

● **ALINDAN/ALL K.MART, LITTLE AL'S**, and **LOWE'S RECORDS STORES**, CHAMPAIGN — Music Shop, CHICAGO — Anton's TV, Battle Elec., Debut Music & Appl., Downtown Records North, Downtown Records South, Gardner's One-Stop, Harvill's Ltd., House of Music, Langley's Record Shop, Lichen's Loop, Major's, McDonald Records, Midwest Stereo, Nu Amuse Fun, Radio Elec., Saxon Co., Teller's Jewelry, Tri-Par Radio, F.W. Woolworth Music Appl. CHICAGO HEIGHTS — Hahn & Co. CHEST HILL — Boston Store, DE KARB — Village Commons Music, OES PLAINS — Tel-Radio, DOWNERS GROVE — Moss Appl., ELMHURST — Elmhurst Music Mart, EVANSTON — North Shore Talking Machine, One Octave Higher, GALLSBURG — Lindstroms, The Platter, GENEVA — Music Ltd., GLENVIEW — Beach TV & Records, HIGHLAND PARK — Grant & Grant, HILLSIDE — Heloise Music, HOFFMAN ESTATES — Gude Family Center, Kalsdon Elec., JOLIET — Boston Store, LA GRANGE — Pearson Music, LAKE FOREST — Grant & Grant, LOMBARD — Yorktown Music Shop, MT. PROSPECT — Ranechout Music, NAPERVILLE — Naper TV, PEGORIA — Hi-Fi One Stop Music Store, STERLING — Sterling Camera, VILLA PARK — Big R, VINNETKA — Palm Bros., Porter Elec., WILMINGTON — Wheaton Radio. ● **INDIANA** BLOOMINGTON — Discount Music, Vance Music, ELKHART — Elkhart Stereo & Records, FT. WAYNE — Music Department, Schuler Appl. & TV, INDIANAPOLIS — L.S. Ayres Dept. Store, RICHMOND — Specialty Records. ● **SOUTH** BLIND — Roddis, Wynans's Dept. Store, WARSAW — Nick's & Joe's TV. ● **OHIO** BURLINGTON — Apas Music, CEDAR RAPIDS — Morris Sanford, GAVENPORT — N.L. Parker Co., OES MOWEE — Marshall's Music, Music Factory, FAIRFIELD — Schaefer's Music, FT. OGDON — Bloomer, IOWA CITY — Harmony Hall, KNOXVILLE — Matingly Music, NEWTON — Matingly Music, Shadley Music, OSKALOOSA — Layton's, SHINDENGAH — Record Room. ● **KENTUCKY** BELLEVUE — Rick's Dept. Stores, FLORENCE — Rick's Dept. Stores, LEXINGTON — Barry Miller, LOUISVILLE — L.S. Ayres Dept. Store. ● **MICHIGAN** ANN ARBOR — Leonty Music, RAD AXE — Hulse Music, BIRMINGHAM — Discount Records, CLEARBORN — Rino Frank, DETROIT — ALL CROWLEY MILNER, DISCOUNT RECORDS, FEDERAL'S, GOOD HOUSE, KEEPING, J.L. HUDSON, LAND OF HI-FI, STEREO CITY, YANKEE AND WURZBURG STORES, ACQUA RADIO, Better Home Shop, Civic Music, General Outlets, Greenleaf Electronics, International Radio, KLA Laboratories, S & M Appl., ESCANABA — The Sound Center, FARMINGTON — Perella Music, GROSSE POINTE — Carlson Appl., Pointe Elec., HAMTRAMCK — Max Jewellers, HILLSDALE — Pulver TV, HOUGHTON — The Sound Center, LIVONIA — Livonia Records & Tape, MARQUETTE — The Sound Center, OAKLAND — Mumford Music, Ross Music, PLYMOUTH — Melody House, PONTIAC — Custom Made Products, New Center Elec., ROYAL OAKS — Music Man, SOUTHFIELD — Federal Hardware, STURGIS — Weitz Music, UTICA — Beyond Music, YPSILANTI — Pop Shop. ● **MINNESOTA** ALBERT LEA — Johnson's Elec., AUSTIN — Austin Dept. REMER — The Melody Shop, LONGMONT — Stereo-phonics, BROOKLYN CENTER — The Record Shop, Inc., BUFALO — Hoffman Elec., DULUTH — Goldline, ELK RIVER — Madison Music, ELY — Cyko Art & Camera, FARIBault — Folson Radio & TV, FERGUS FALLS — Roy Olson Music, FOREST LAKE — Ron's TV Sales, HIBING — Grappa Music Store, LITTLE FALLS — Barne's TV Service, MANKATO — Schauer's Home Center, MARSHALL — Peterson Music, MINNE APOLIS — Bloomington Radio & TV, Bedner's C & O Assoc., Charles Appl., Chicago Lake Records, COLOR TV, Dahlberg Elec., Dayton's, Discount Records, Gopher Camera, Groth Music Co., Hagen's Appl., Hub Records, Kencraft, Key TV, Music City, Music Land, National Camera Exchange, National Jewelry, Nite-Like Records, Peterson's Appl. Ctr., Powers Dept. Store, Richtfield Appl., Schuers/LakeLand, Sound of Music, Sureson Music Center, The Record Shop, TV Manor, Viking TV & Appl., Valparaiso, WABRIS — Sallettes Music, NEW PRADUE — Baris Refrigeration, NORTHFIELD — Groth's Music, OSCEA — Action TV & Appl., OMAHA — Lepel Music, PAVOR LAKE — Schauer's Foto, REDWOOD FALLS — The Music Store, ROCHESTER — Sound of Music, ST. CLOUD — Mac's Music Co., ST. PAUL — Arlington, General Elec., Gables, Mike Thomas TV, W. N. Cardoso & Bros., The Music Gallery, The Record Shop, Inc., VIRGINIA — Range Music Center, WABASHA — Walabash TV, WASCO — Wusica Music Co. ● **MISSOURI** ST. LOUIS — ALL CENTRAL, MARKOVARE STORES, Carol Music Furniture, Central City Auto Stereo, Goedeken TV, Golde's Dept. Store — Both Stores, Jennings TV, Krumenacker Camera, Meyer TV, Moll Elec., Schweig/Engel, Southside Music, Shop Look & Listen Stereo, St. Charles Electronics, Webster Records, Woolworth's — Northwest Plaza. ● **NORTH DAKOTA** BISMARCK — Guy Larson Music, DEVILS LAKE — Mann's Dept. Store, FARGO — K-Mart, K&S, King Music Center, Stevedore and GRAND FORKS — Home of Economy, K-Mart, K&S, Pappeler's Music, Scott's Music Store, MINNAP — Stebens Music, MINOT — Northwest Piano Co., Neub's Music Center, WAHPETON — The Music Center. ● **OHIO** (ARLON) — F.W. Woolworth, ASHTABULA — George Simon, BELLEVUE — DeLong Appl. CANTON — Longs Farm & TV, CINCINNATI — Rick's Dept. Stores, COLUMBUS — Car Stereo, Discount Records, Lazarus Dept. Stores, CONNEAUT — Simon Music, DAYTON — Elder-Beerman Dept. Stores, EUCLID — Northeast Appl., FAIRVIEW PARK — Melman & Guffin, LORAIN — Gypsy Fun, Estes, Mace, Fair, Ohio Farm Fair, MIDOLETOWN — Rick's Dept. Stores, NEWCOMERSTOWN — Lento Camera, PAINESVILLE — Kallay's, WARREN — Continental Sales, F.W. Woolworth, WILLOUGHBY — Tale TV, YOUNGSTOWN — Continental Sales, Steep-Rite Fair. ● **SOUTH DAKOTA** AURON — Lewis Drugs, The Music Center, MADISON — Martin Music, Ralph's Radio, MITCHELL — The Covered, RAPID CITY — K-Mart, Ray's Hi-Fi Shop, SIOUX FALLS — K-Mart, Lewis Drugs, Sioux Falls Music, VERMILION — Modern Elec. WAJERTOWN — One Stop Shop, YANKTON — Mallet Music. ● **WISCONSIN** ALL K-MART STORES APPLETON — Seuss TV, CRETHER — Ed's Refrigeration, CHIPPEWA FALLS — Padgett Photo, EAU CLAIRE — Consumers Coop, K-Mart, GREENDALE — Hartman's TV & Appl., HARTFORD — Dean's TV, MARQUON — Beecher's, Discount Records, Victor Music Co., MILWAUKEE — Bethke's Sales & Service, O.N. Peters Co., Discount Records, Gratch Radio & Appl., Hall Elec., Midwest Radio Co., Music Centers of Milwaukee, Pesack Radio, Port-of-Sound, Radio Doctors, Ronel TV Sales & Service, Steens East, Steens West, Treasure Island Audio, OOSHONGONG — La Barrie Photo & Music Shop, OSHKOSH — Record Shop Inc., The Exclusive Co., RACINE — Christian Bros., SHAWANO — Schauer's Home Appl., STEVENS POINT — Graham-Lane, WAUKEGA — Music Centers of Milwaukee, WAUSAU — Wright's Music, WEST ALLIS — Treasure Island Audio, WEST BEND — Barton TV, The Exclusive Co.

Sixteen reasons why you can't beat this system



1. FM STEREO INDICATOR FOR STEREO BROADCASTS
2. HIGHLY SENSITIVE FM STEREO TUNER AND FULL RANGE AM/FM BANDS
3. TAPE/AUXILIARY INPUTS
4. ILLUMINATED SLIDE RULE DIAL (with "logging" scale for pinpoint tuning)
5. SWITCH FOR EXTRA SPEAKERS
6. AC CONVENIENCE OUTLET
7. SIX PRECISION CONTROLS (TREBLE, BASS, BALANCE, LOUDNESS, FUNCTION, TUNING)
8. STEREO HEADPHONE SOCKET

THE 16th IS THE UNBEATABLE PRICE.

\$149⁹⁵
MSRP Suggested List

Now hear great stereo sound at an unheard of price. The Masterwork 506. It's got everything a great stereo system should have. Right down to the woofers and tweeters. Besides our 30 watt Stereophonic Amplifier and AM/FM/FM Stereo Tuner with built-in antennae, you get a Garrard Record Changer, two Speaker Enclosures, Stereo Headphones, Dust Cover and a One Year Warranty on Labor and Parts. This precision engineered component system comes in handsome oiled walnut cabinets. It looks as good as it sounds. But don't take our word for it. Come in to one of the stores listed and listen for yourself. The Masterwork 506. You won't believe your eyes. You won't believe your ears. And you certainly won't be paying through the nose.

MASTERWORK 
A Division of COLLMARK RECORDS
© MASTERWORK • MARCAS REG.

15. ONE 8" WOOFER (for resonant bass) and ONE 2" TWEETER (for stirring highs) IN EACH SPEAKER ENCLOSURE

14. CUSTOM DESIGNED SMOKE DUST COVER

13. DYNAMIC STEREO FULL SIZE HEADPHONE WITH 10 FOOT COILED CORD (A \$9.95 value, available, before December 24th AT NO EXTRA COST at dealers listed)

12. GARRARD PRECISION DELUXE FULL SIZE AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE

11. VISCOUS DAMPED CUEING CONTROL-LEVER (Accurately and safely raises and lowers tone arm to any position on record)

9. STEREO CARTRIDGE WITH LONG LIFE PRECISION DIAMOND NEEDLE

10. LIGHT WEIGHT COUNTER BALANCED TUBULAR TONE ARM



THE NEW MYSTIQUE OF MADEIRA GOLD

A fascinating tobacco. Smoothness that lures on your taste. Arouse that turns on heat.



Arizona's
Biggest
Hit!



Great Golf Holiday 7 days/6 nights \$169.50 per person*

Thirty six magnificent holes of Robert Trent Jones golf. Matchless accommodations for winter vacations. Impeccable service for leisurely dining and pleasures after dark. Elegantly informal Spacious gardens and lawns. Unlimited activities for suntime recreation. Delightful family programs available during traditional holidays.

Price includes: All greens fees on both courses, twin bedroom with patio, all breakfasts and dinners, transportation to and from Phoenix Airport, all taxes.

*double occupancy thru January 30, 1971

For Brochure, special Great Golf Holiday and Holiday Program write: Reade Whitwell, Vice Pres.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona Country Club Resort
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA 85340

Phone (602) 955-3811
Telley/Tawcett/Warner Reprinted

BOOKTALK

A posthumous biography of Lombardi proves to be a moving, truthful statement

Another book about Vince Lombardi? After the autobiographical *Remember the Name* (with W. C. Heinz) and Jerry Kramer's *The Football Book*, both established classics of their kind, and after a dozen lightweight magazine and paperback imitations coming at the embattled reader like so many linebackers in the wake of Lombardi's death, haven't we had about enough?

Well, no. For *Coach: A Season with Lombardi* by Tom Dowling (W. W. Norton, \$6.95) is not just another book about the man who put together professional football's finest team in the sport's most exciting decade. For a couple of reasons, it is the most consistently interesting and revealing of the lot. One is that the author, neither sports-writer nor retired pro, stands removed from his subject: A Harvard graduate who has worked in government agencies, he carries the credentials of the knowledgeable fan, which is not a redundancy. Second, his season with Lombardi was not with the miracle worker of Green Bay but with the man who spent a difficult year "the most rigorous test of his combative nature," Dowling calls it "attempting to make the Washington Redskins a respectable team."

So we wind up with Lombardi, wars and all. In a moving preface written after the coach's death, Dowling comments, "I would like to say flat-out what I hope this book makes clear: that I admired Vince Lombardi and was personally fond of him." But if Dowling's heart is in the right place, he does not wear it on his sleeve. To Lombardi's idolaters some of the book makes painful reading, for the author's expressed intent is to "tell what that year was like: the good with the bad, the glory with the humiliation and defeat."

We see it, game by game, on the field and off: the Roman Catholic priest of Green Bay doubting that Lombardi was a happy man, seeing him happy, "truly at ease," just once, when he was excelling at a word game in Latin, opposing coaches looking to get even for those years when Lombardi dominated the sport; Lombardi, talking of the years he wanted to become a head coach "I know I lost some jobs because of my Italian heritage"; disconnected Redskins finding Lombardi thoughtless in the way he handled some men, the team at a crucial point in the season, seeming to come apart, about to break under Lombardi, "Afraid to win, [they] preferred to pay the price of mediocrity."

But the point is the team did not break. The point is that Lombardi gave Washington its first winning season in 14 years. The

point is that over and again—and this was before his death—players spoke of Lombardi's fairness, his knowledge of the game, almost as though he were the first fair, knowing coach in their experience.

Dowling worries, with proper citations, about the simplification, Middle American identification with Lombardi, the tendency to transfer the tough lessons of football, a game, to the tough propositions of life. Lombardi did not always discourage such attitudes. (The Democrats wanted him to run for the United States Senate, there was talk he would be drafted as Richard Nixon's Vice Presidential candidate. No kidding.)

But here is Lombardi saying, "We are our brother's keeper. I don't give a damn what people say. If people can't find work, whether it's their fault or not, you've got to help them, clothe them, and house them properly, and try to get rid of the problems that have held them back." On racial prejudice, "First of all, to feel that way is wrong, and second, it's good football not to feel that way."

Here is "tough, autocratic" Lombardi saying of a player rumored to be a homosexual that he would be given every chance to play football because he was a victim of prejudice. Hailed for producing the same seven-and-a-half yard with the losing Redskins he had done in his first season with the Packers, he noted certain differences: "Great changes have taken place in the country. There's more tendency to question now than there was 10 years ago. The father complex is not around anymore."

There is humor, too. Lombardi clowning, cracking purposely corny puns. Marie Lombardi needing her husband when he complains of an arthritis knee: "You've got to be mentally tough." ("I seemed to me," Dowling writes, "that the Lombardis had achieved that rare American ambition, a happy marriage.")

"At midfield," Dowling sums up, in a paraphrase of the coach's view of Paul Hornung as player, "Lombardi was harsh, merciless, egoistic, inconsistent and often even mediocre, but within the 20-yard line he had greatness. He did what he had to do. His life was an extraordinary act of will, of discipline, of ceaseless driving. The yardage inside the 20 was always tough, for Lombardi in 1969 it had been tougher than for most, but he had never flinched, had just kept pushing. Hell, there was no other way."

I was lucky enough to play football for Lombardi and unlucky enough to play against him. I don't suppose any two men who knew him will see him the same way, but I recognize the man in this book, and that is an achievement. Vince Lombardi is no longer alive. But thanks in part to this fine book, neither his spirit nor the legend is dead.

FRANK GILHOED

NINTH-INNING SANTAS!



YOU'RE SURE TO MAKE A HIT WITH SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

There's still time to put a year of sports excitement under somebody's tree.

It you strike now! Mail the order card today and we'll swing into action. We'll airmail a beautifully personalized gift announcement to your giftee. And in 1971 begins, we'll start the every-week surprise of Sports Illustrated coming.



How can you miss? Sports Illustrated fits every man like a glove. Young or old, fat or thin, short or tall, they all love sports.

Do last minute gifts have to be strikeouts? Not when it's so easy to give the whole world of sports.

Right now, knock that card over the fence and into the hands of the nearest postman.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

IT REALLY ISN'T CHRISTMAS WITHOUT THEM.



Use Christmas Seals.
It's a matter of life and breath.

Fight emphysema, tuberculosis, air pollution.



A man and a woman are shown in a dramatic, stormy setting. The man, with a mustache and wearing a dark suit, is lighting a cigarette. The woman, with long dark hair and wearing a patterned dress, looks on. In the background, a large pyramid is visible under a dark, stormy sky with bright lightning bolts. The overall mood is mysterious and powerful.

**Until now,
only the gods could hurl
lightning bolts.**

**This revolutionary new solid-state lighter
brings the practice down to earth.**

It would take a physicist or an electronics engineer to explain completely how the Maruman lighter works.

But simply, it's this: inside, there's a ceramic component with an amazing property.

Hit it on one end, and it produces electricity on the other end.

Without any batteries.

We harness this electricity to create a tiny bolt of lightning.

Which ignites a clean butane flame.

Why all this sophistication? To give you a lighter that works every time.

With elements that will still produce that bolt of lightning thirty years from now.

To give you a lighter without flints, or wicks, or striking wheels to wear out quickly.

Maruman. Like a gift from the gods. At fine jewelry and tobacco stores.

In a complete selection of handsome designs, finishes and precious metals.

From fifteen dollars in chrome to twenty-seven fifty in fine gold plate.



Maruman

Sold and serviced in 13 countries around the world.

Distributed in the U.S. by Consolidated Cigar Corp.
1 Gall + Western Plaza New York, N.Y. 10013

1.
Winston tastes
good like a
cigarette should.

2.
You mean...
as a cigarette
should.

3.
What do you
want, good grammar
or good taste?

4.
I want to find the
guy who designed
this locker room.

SUPER



KING

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

How do you find a Winston smoker in a place like this? Just look for a guy with a pack over his head. Winston

may not say it right, but they sure know how to make it right with specially processed FILTER BLEND[®] tobaccos.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

ENDANGERED SPECIES (CONT.)

Last week we put Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel on the endangered species list, and already he is extinct. By Friday not only had the Secretary been given the White House gate but a White House aide had established himself in an Interior Department office, summoned in Hickel's six top assistants and politely but firmly told each in turn: "We want your resignation and we would like you to have your things out of the building by 5 o'clock." Of more consequence, however, is the speed with which Hickel's policies were reversed. His decision to end all commercial advertising on federal public lands was canceled. So, too, was a Hickel order protecting certain endangered species of whale, which aroused immediate concern that the Government was swinging toward a strong anticonservatism position. Happily, the flap that arose over the anti-whale move brought about an immediate decision to rescind the rescindment ("a ghastly mistake," admitted a Government official), and the whales had a new lease on life. Hickel, in other words, was out, but whales were still in.

COBBRY, HOWARD

It now appears that Howard Cosell will not rejoin Don Meredith and Keith Jackson on ABC's Monday night pro football telecasts next year, although not because of his well-publicized illness at the New York Giants-Philadelphia Eagles game on Nov. 23 (he was hit by a virulent flu bug the day of the game and after the telecast was in bed the rest of the week). It will be a mutually agreeable separation. The NFL had originally expected that the hunt, controversial comments that make Cosell the man you love to hate would also make him the star of the Monday night shows but, as play-by-play announcer Jackson said before the season began (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Sept. 7), "Howard will not be the dominant personality on the telecast."

As for Cosell, he told an audience of

SMU law students who asked if he would be back, "I haven't decided yet, but probably not—for two reasons. One, I never want to travel again on a week-in, week-out basis. Two, I find the format frustrating. The thing that surprises me is that I've created so much publicity for the telecasts under conditions in which I have not been able to do my thing."

CAN'T BLAME THEM

Brooklyn College, famous in football circles as the improbable alma mater of Allie Sherman, erstwhile coach of the New York Giants, achieved a notable landmark this fall. It won its first game since 1951. True, Brooklyn had not fielded a team for 14 years, but even when it last played—in 1956—it had run up a losing streak of 29 straight. This season, after extending the string of defeats to 31, the Maroon and Gold finally upset Stony Brook 21-0. Huzzah! Far more characteristic than that signal victory, however, was Brooklyn's performance against New York Tech in the preceding game. The contest was highlighted by a 15-yard penalty against Brooklyn for delay of the game—before it even began. The squad was late for the kickoff.

EARLY DECISION

"Now I can throw away all those brochures," Mrs. Robert Johnson of East Rutherford, N.J. said last week after her 6' 10", 17-year-old son, Leslie Cason, announced that he will attend Long Beach State in California next September. Maybe she should disconnect her telephone, too, because college basketball coaches know they still have a full 10 months to try to make the high school senior change his mind. Cason has signed a scholarship agreement that in itself is not binding. "We'll have to rely on Leslie's integrity," said Long Beach Coach Jerry Tarkanian. "He wants to come to Long Beach, we want him, and his parents, coach and school administrators are all in favor. It isn't like the

Tom McMillen case, where there was disagreement at home."

By declaring his intention before the start of his final high school season, Cason voluntarily has ended all-expenses-paid recruiting trips to anywhere he pleased, thank you. "I ask all coaches and alumni—especially the alumni—to leave him alone," Coach Dick Vitale says. "I know I'll still get phone calls," Cason adds, "but I'll tell them I'm going to Long Beach." Tarkanian anticipates: "Leslie could start for me or anyone else—right now."

SHOOT-OUT

In England a group of 100 schoolchildren were on a six-mile "charity walk" in Kent to raise money for a playground when they walked into the middle of a pheasant shoot. The kids were on a footpath known locally as Polly's Walk, which their parents claimed was a public right of way. But, said one of the adults along the walk, "There were pellets falling through the trees around us. The guns sounded very close. There seemed to be a terrific amount of peo-



ple firing guns. It was a most frightening experience."

A police official said, "We are inquiring into the matter. There was a pheasant shoot on private property. It seems rather hazardous that these children should go on a walk into the area." A parent replied, "I gave police advance warning of the walk and the route that would be taken. It seems wrong that the shoot should go on so close to a public path."

The most beautifully English comment

Continued



**New thinking is...
an auto-focus
movie camera to record
nice details.**



Filmosound Model 379
Movie Camera

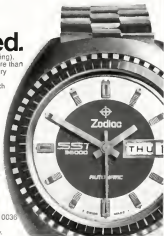
It's the Focus-Matic™ camera. Just push a button to get detail-sharp movies effortlessly. Plus a zoom lens, automatic exposure control, and electric film advance. And maybe best of all, it's a Filmosound camera. So, when you're ready to take home movies with sound, you have a camera that's ready, too.

 **BELL & HOWELL**

Zodiac SST

The most accurate watch you can wear. Guaranteed.

The Zodiac SST (Split Second Timing). Guaranteed not to gain or lose more than one minute per month. Extraordinary precision and dependability made possible by the most accurate watch movement Switzerland produces. You can actually hear the difference. The SST ticks twice as fast as the watch you're wearing now. 36,000 times an hour to be exact. This exceptional speed means exceptional accuracy, and exceptional resistance to bumps and shocks that throw the average watch off. Self-winding 17 jewel Swiss movement, accurate day-date calendar, water resistant. A variety of styles, all in stainless steel or 18k gold electroplate with stainless steel backs. All priced from \$110. (Watch shown, \$115.) Zodiac 1212 Ave of the Americas, N.Y.C. 10036



*Adjustment to this tolerance, if necessary, will be made at no cost for a period of one year.

SCORECARD *continued*

on the affair came from one of the hunters. According to a child's mother, "Cindy had gone through before the gamekeeper stopped the other children. One of the guns told her to be quiet as she was disturbing the pheasants."

FUTURE SHOCK

Even before Navy beat Army last Saturday, Vice Admiral James F. Culvert, superintendent of the Naval Academy, had some positive thoughts about the future of football at Annapolis. He said changes were being made in the academy's athletic program to increase the number of football victories in the future, and indicated that Navy's disastrous record in recent years was the result of bad decisions in the past. "We've suffered from some policies that have not been entirely constructive," he said, without detailing those policies. "I'd rather not be specific because it would be critical of some who are not here to defend themselves." Admiral Culvert would not specify what changes were in order, other than to say the improvement would be made without stepping down in class, from a football point of view. "Schedules are set 10 and 12 years ahead," he said. "There is no workable way they can be changed." But he said Navy football would be fully competitive, even taking into consideration the high academic standards the academy requires. "I expect to be running as good a program as Colorado Springs is now," he said, referring to the bowl-bound Air Force Academy. Target date for all this? The 1980s.

AUXILIARIES

The Baltimore Bullets of the NBA have been trying hard the last few years to attract patrons from Washington. Owner Abe Pollin is said to have insisted that the ABA's Washington Caps move away (they became the Virginia Squires) as a prelude to merger talks between the two leagues. Pollin didn't want to lose all that potential revenue from 40 miles down the expressway. To encourage visitors from the Capitol district, the Bullets have ticket agencies there and run special buses for folks traveling to Baltimore for Bullets games. Sometimes it all seems more like pie in the sky than money in the till. A few weeks ago, when the Bullets played the inept Cleveland Cavaliers, the 48-seat special bus carried a cheering throng of four peo-

continued

Avis. We try harder. Won't you?

Avis rents sparkling new Plymouths and other fine cars.

© 1975 Avis Rent A Car System Inc. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF BSA

Avis is putting a litter bag in every new Plymouth and other fine car we rent.
We started doing that years ago.
But what good are litter bags if people don't use them?
Won't you please try harder, too?



New thinking is... a projector for people who've had a slide show flop.



Slide Cube Model
592 Projector

Not any more. The Slide Cube™ Projector has a preview station to scan slides before they go on the screen. You can select and show, or bypass. If a slide is wrong, simply turn it over or around. You'll save space, too. Slide Cube Cartridges store 640 slides in the space of one round tray, at a third the cost. The Slide Cube System.

 **BELL & HOWELL**

Oster 'variable intensity' massager

Enjoy a light once-over massage that soothes, relaxes, refreshes — or an invigorating deep-penetrating massage that leaves you tingling!

Oster lets you choose the massage action to suit your need — gentle, vigorous, or any degree in between. Exclusive suspended motor design puts Swedish-style mas-

sage at your fingertips... hundreds of rotating-patting motions per-second. Detailed instruction booklet included. See the full line of quality-built Oster Massage Instruments now — at better stores everywhere.

Oster

Products with the complete assurance by
FEATURES/PERFORMANCE/QUALITY

© 1970 John Oster Manufacturing Co.
8855 N. Lyndell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217

 Oster

**relax and
refresh, tiger!
the Oster
massage
is the medium!**



SCORECARD

ple from Washington to Baltimore (and, because one Washingtonian chose not to make the return trip, only three on the way back).

Of course, Baltimore fans were not too enthusiastic about that particular game, either. Total attendance was a meager 2,211. Still, without Washington, it would have been only 2,207.

HOLD THE LABEL SIDEWAYS

The great big modern world of Little League baseball has taken another step to preserve the character of America's wholen national pastime. Aluminum bats are being tested. A Little League report says no differences (no differences?) have been found between some of the aluminum bats and wooden bats. They even sound the same when the ball is hit. Aluminum bats cost more, but because they don't split, crack or splinter, the long-range cost is less.

But how do your hands feel when you hit one on the handle on a cold day in March? In fact, how do you even hold one on a cold day in March?

MASS MIGRATION

Some racetrack people are still impressed by the now common practice of flying top horses cross-country or across an ocean to race. That's nothing. Last week an Australian business group which is trying to develop racing in Indonesia, airlifted the makings of a race meeting from Melbourne 3,500 miles north west to Djakarta. More than 80 horses, along with stable personnel, food and equipment, were flown in, and similar airlifts will take place during the next three months. No mention was made of totalizers or bookies accompanying the operation, but surely good old-fashioned Indonesian ingenuity will find a way to handle bets.

THE FIFTH QUARTER

Nerves mind USC-Notre Dame. Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles says that relatively few upsets have occurred in college football this year and that this is because football has become a five-quarter game. "The rule that gives a team 25 seconds to put the ball in play after gaining possession of it, plus the other rule that stops the clock after each first down have added from 15 to 30 plays to a game," Broyles says. "Five or six years ago the average game had 120 to 130 plays. Today the average is 140 to 160. Texas El Paso played

continued

Your clothes are in style...so why not your hair?



That unnatural "wethead" look is out. Now there's the Schick Styling Dryer. It quickly dries while it brushes. The brush *works* the strands. Sort of fluffs them. Right away—your hair looks soft and full and natural! Many men go to hairstylists, but now you can get the natural look at home. Your clothes have changed. Now it's time your hair did. Schick's Styling Dryer comes with comb attachment, too. At better stores everywhere. **The year's most natural gift...**



The Schick Styling Dryer.



New thinking is... a home movie system for people who like things simple.



Auto 8 Movie Cassette
Projector, Model 402

Here's a system of movie cassettes for neat storage and easiest showing of your home movies. Plus an automatic projector that threads and rewinds, gives you three speeds including super-slow motion, and it works with your present standard reels and equipment. The Auto 8 Movie Cassette System. Suddenly everything's easy.



BELL & HOWELL

(When it's time to buy
your clock/radio)

You're home with Magnavox.



Compare us to other Clock/Radios:

Constantly illuminated digital clock.
FM/AM with no-drift Automatic Frequency Control.
Wink-alarm, slumber switch. Control for wake-up-to-music,
or wake-up-to-alarm. Illuminated slide rule dial.
And the price is right.

See your Magnavox dealer (Yellow Pages).

SCORECARD *continued*

one game this season in which there were 180 center snaps. That's equivalent to 5½ quarters.

"The favorite has more chances to win today than five years ago because class will tell, eventually. The longer a game goes the better chance a favorite has to win." As for one-sided games, Broyles says, "The fourth quarter is when you usually run up points, but you can really run them up in the fifth quarter."

THE WHOLE MAN

Carl Hubbell, the Hall of Fame pitcher who is now the San Francisco Giants' farm director, read that Dr. James Nicholas, team physician of the New York Jets, said that Joe Namath, even after breaking his hand, could have gone back in the lineup at almost any other position except quarterback. "Aha!" said Hubbell. "That's what I mean about football. It's all right as a sideshow, but it doesn't bring out the whole man. How can you really identify with a sport that has specialists for the hand, the foot and the shoulder? Baseball is the only game that calls for every skill from normal-sized people. If you can't throw, run, catch and hit, you're not a major-leaguer. Fans identify with baseball, and they'll continue to do so when other mediocre sports have had their innings."

THEY SAID IT

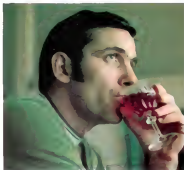
- Archie Moore, asked how he thought Joe Frazier would do against Muhammad Ali when they meet in the new year, drew closer and whispered in the ear of the inquirer: "I'll tell you something. In my book, Frazier will knock him out."
- Ben Davidson, Oakland Raiders defensive end, on business in his nightspots: "It's picked up since the Kansas City game. They see your name in the paper, and they get thirsty. I guess."
- Mickey Mantle, on his baseball career: "During my 18 years I came to bat almost 10,000 times. I struck out about 1,700 times and walked maybe 1,800 times. You figure a ballplayer will average about 500 at bats a season. That means I played seven years in the major leagues without even hitting the ball."
- Woody Hayes of Ohio State: "It worries me that there's supposed to be two coaches meaner than I am. I would hate to have them start referring to me as 'Good Old Woody.'"

END

It's a GRAND OLD FLASK

EZRA BROOKS
REAL SIPPING WHISKEY

Shown: The American Eagle Flask. Circa 1840, from the Ezra Brooks' series of 4 Historic American Flask reproductions. Others include: Old Ironsides, Miss Liberty, Civil War Commemorative.



MELLOW WINE IN A NEW BOTTLE

After a year in which everything turned sour, Jerry Lucas is again savoring the sweet taste of success. No longer obsessed by business ambitions, he has led the San Francisco Warriors into first place **by PETER CARRY**

One of the few pleasant things Jerry Lucas has experienced in the past 12 months has been the taste of good wine. Since he was traded early last season to San Francisco, Lucas, who seldom drank any wine during his first 29 years when he lived in Ohio, has traveled in the Napa Valley, tested and enjoyed the region's products and now buys in bulk directly from the vintners. The subtle flavors and bouquets are fresh stimulants to his senses, senses which are revived, and perhaps more discerning, now that he has survived a bitter, vinegary period in his life.

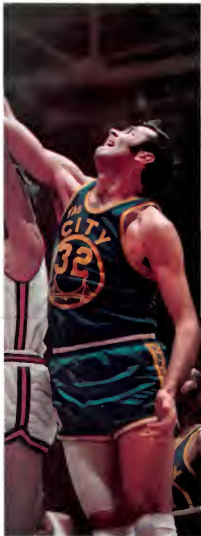
The last year was not a vintage one for Lucas. He asked to be traded away from his home state, where he had been a widely admired figure since his high school days in Middletown, when he found that the feeble Cincinnati Royals, for whom he had been an NBA All-Star for six consecutive years, no longer seemed to need him.

When he was graduated eight years

ago from Ohio State—Phi Beta Kappa in management—Lucas wavered briefly between business and pro basketball as the best way to make a million dollars. The decision seemed academic to those who knew him. Everyone agreed he had the intelligence and ambition to get his million any way he chose. And Lucas made money; only two years ago he was offered \$1.5 million for his businesses and turned it down because the deal would have required him to quit basketball and work full-time for the prospective buyer. Thereafter, he stretched his time and his credit line too thin, and last December his little empire of Beef 'N' Shakes restaurants turned into hamburger. He filed bankruptcy petitions with debts of \$822,000, and lost his three other companies, his savings and his \$150,000 house in Cincinnati. The purchasers of Lucas' restaurants removed his name from their signs. "We felt it was a loser's image," said a representative of the firm.



continued



Said an extremely accurate shooter, Lucas tries for a tip-in over Philly's Jim Washington and takes a short jumper against Cleveland.





Lucas knew his financial holocaust was at hand when he joined the Warriors, and the knowledge destroyed his game. Critics in San Francisco complained that he did not score or even shoot enough to help the team's ponderous offense and that he was out of shape. Lucas admits they were right. But he adds that the broken bone he sustained in his shooting hand a month after he arrived in San Francisco prevented him from regaining confidence in his shot or from working himself into condition after a largely inactive exhibition season with the Royals. In any case, he finished the year with his lowest scoring (15.1) and rebounding (14) averages as a pro—no had totals for most players, but well below par for the best rebounding forward in the game and one of its finest percentage shooters.

"People began saying I was the only retired active player in existence," Lucas said last week. A San Francisco observer close to the Warriors put it more stringently before this season began. "Until Lucas got here," he said, "I never realized how good Oscar Robertson was. If Lucas played like this in Cincinnati, then Oscar must have been carrying him on his back into the All-Star game every year."

By last week it was hard to find Lucas critics of that stripe in San Francisco. The day after the close of the 1969-70 season Lucas, his wife Treva and their children Jeff and Julie moved out of the motel where they had spent the winter and into a permanent residence in the Bay Area and Jerry began adapting to a new style of life. He used to work on business projects at least 12 hours every day—and now there were none to work on. For the first time since the summer of his junior year in college, when he was trying out for the 1960 Olympic team, Lucas devoted himself to basketball. He set up a rarely used, 5-year-old Esercycle and sweated off 20 pounds. All through June he practiced shooting five hours a day and later he scrimmaged regularly with his teammates. It was the first time Lucas had practiced in the off season since he be-

came a pro. And, also perhaps for the first time, he seemed to be enjoying life instead of trying to beat it to death.

"Last year was the most discouraging I've known," Lucas says now. "Nothing went right for me, nothing, nothing at all. As far as basketball was concerned, I had no energy. I could do certain things, but I couldn't sustain my drive. Four or five times up and down the court wore me out."

"Of course, the financial thing influenced me. My mind was so cluttered that I couldn't think about the game during the day or even when I got into the locker room. When I was out on the floor I thought about it during the timeouts and free throws. I guess I tried to do too many things myself. I worked 12, 16 hours a day. I did everything. I even wrote the manuals for the restaurants and they were 270 pages long. I was always on the phone when we were on the road or checking out new sites or seeing potential investors. I should have gotten other people to do some of those things. This year I'm not thinking about anything but basketball."

It shows in Lucas' play and, naturally, in the Warriors' record. Jerry is averaging 21.7 points and 17 rebounds, and San Francisco, which before the season was rated the Pacific Division's weakest established team largely because Lucas was considered semi-retired, is in and out of first place. As the Warriors won nine of their last 15 games, Lucas was the team leader in scoring and rebounding and, says Coach Al Attles, his contributions were far greater than the statistics indicate. Lucas' rejuvenation has allowed Nate Thurmond to concentrate on defense. The Warriors can assure Thurmond that he need not be concerned about his scoring totals, and after a slow start he has responded with some of the best defensive play by a center since the days of Bill Russell.

"We had some things to prove," said Attles, "because people said we couldn't do it. Lucas took the worst raps. He had a bad year by Jerry Lucas standards, and they started saying it was worse than it really was. What really burned me up was when they said he never had been a good player anyhow."

John Havlicek, who played and roomed with Lucas at Ohio State, thinks he sees some familiar signs in Jerry's revival. "When he went bankrupt in hurt him," says Havlicek. "He's a very am-

bitious person. I think he figures if he has a good season he can renegotiate his contract. [Lucas makes \$70,000 a year]. There's a lot of money to be made with the two leagues competing. Luke has that old fire in his eyes—like he had in college. When he threw the ball up and it didn't go in he was amazed. I see this back in him now."

Lucas is still inordinately dismayed by his missed shots. Last week, as the Warriors made one of those routine NBA transcontinental treks during which they played four games in five days in four different cities, he complained first in Philadelphia about his eight-for-18 shooting against the 76ers. One of those that fell in was a tough tip that resulted in a three-point play for Lucas and gave San Francisco the lead it needed to sew up a victory with 2:10 remaining. The next night in Cleveland, Lucas was displeased with his nine-for-19 shooting despite his 21 points and 22 rebounds in another Warriors' win.

In a close loss in Seattle on Friday, Lucas scored 27 points, shooting .500 and displaying more movement on offense than pro fans had ever seen from him. Six of his baskets were scored on drives or with the running hook that was his trademark as a college center. On Saturday night the Warriors took over first place with a 92-88 win over the Lakers at home. Lucas again scored 27 points, had 17 rebounds and played a penetrating game. He tried only four long shots and scored on two of them while hitting on 12 of 21.

On the plane to Seattle, some of the Lucas ambivalence that Havlicek recalls seemed subdued. "Business is not on my mind," said Lucas. "My vision is changed. I've got more time for my family and for myself now. Losing the restaurants might have been the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. I've got more friends now, real friends. I thought I had some in business in Cincinnati, but it turned out they were not my friends at all. I thought for a good number of years that I had to make a million. Well, I've made it and I've lost it. I don't think about it anymore. I've got peace of mind. Life is fun for once and my mind is freer than it ever has been."

Then he reached for a glass of white wine, took a sip and said, "You know, it wasn't until we moved to San Francisco that I got to like this." **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DEANE

Tenacious outdoors, Lucas finds that his new regime allows time for relaxation with his wife Treva, and for a three-dimensional kick-freakie game with children Jeff and Julie.

TWO WORLDS AGAINST THE BLACK HAWKS

Still running hard in a race most experts thought would be won by now.

Chicago last week was pressed by East and West by MARK MULVOY

Billy Reay, the tough-talking coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, is a man who tends to get uptight over pretty trivial things. Early in the season he deposed Pat Stapleton as captain of his team because Stapleton had held out for more money. Some weeks later he refused to let Stan Mikita, his star center, appear on a postgame TV show because the host had been too critical of Chicago's player trades, particularly that one in which the Hawks let Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge and Fred Stanfield slip away to the Boston Bruins.

Last week Reay was uptight again, but this time, for a change, he had some pretty serious things to get uptight about.

Reay's Black Hawks, champions of the East last year and now part of the NHL's expanded West Division, were about to put to the test the efficacy of that ill-advised trade—among many other things, by playing the Montreal Canadiens (still ranking over the rude way the Black Hawks shut them out of Stanley Cup competition last year) and the Bruins (now the top team in the East) in back-to-back games that could cost Reay his lead in the West.

Before the current season got under way, most prophets had taken it for granted that the mighty Hawks would have the divisional championship all trussed up and stuffed like a turkey by

Thanksgiving Day, but things did not work out quite that way. Chicago has been in a neck-and-neck race for the West lead with last year's champion St. Louis Blues since the season began, and the Black Hawks were only two points, or one game, ahead of the Blues when they faced the Canadiens on Wednesday night. Even more remarkable in the way of upsets was the fact that the West Division was leading the East in points won, a fact that put Reay's team even more centrally on the spot as it faced the East leaders.

Up to a year ago the expansion teams representing the West had never earned more than 34¹/₂ of the points racked up in NHL contests. Last week as the Hawks faced Montreal, the West had won 51¹/₂ of this season's total league points with a win-lose-draw tally of 30-29-13 against East teams. As if to underline the absurdity of this topsy-turvy situation, the California Seals (or whatever it is that Charlie Finley is now calling that last-place team he keeps in Oakland) had not won a single game against their West colleagues but they had beaten East teams—including the Bruins at Boston—five times.

What gives? Superior goaltending and defenses as permanently uptight as Billy Reay himself provide the only answer.

Aware that they cannot score in the same league with the sharpshooters of the East, the Westerners have discovered a way to stop that lethal firepower. Every team now plays a close checking game, designed to blunt scoring to the point where the teams of the old establishment become loose, disorganized and even disheartened. "I realize it is not very appealing to the fans," says Scotty Bowman, general manager of the St. Louis Blues, "but we are doing the only thing we can to beat the East."

To back up this tight defensive play, the West has an army of goaltenders as stubbornly intransigent as Horatius himself, topped by Chicago's Tony Esposito, who won the Vezina Trophy last year as the best goalie in the entire league. Tony, brother of Phil, the hard-hitting forward traded to the Bruins, was sitting tense and motionless in the Hawks' dressing room as he prepared to face the Canadiens. "I get very nervous before a game," he said. "I have a lot of trouble with my emotions and my nerves. I keep my food all right because I eat about seven hours before game time. But I worry



John Ferguson only seems to be about to lop off the head of Goate Tony Esposito.

about making a mistake. If I make a bad play, the puck is in—and everybody sees it. The feeling makes me sick."

As it turned out, not everybody did see at least one of the goals scored against Tony that night—Billy Reay, for example. It was not exactly a goalie's game, and the Canadiens' third tally—which made the final score 5-3 for the Black Hawks—was bitterly protested by Espinoza, who claimed the puck never entered the net. But the red light went on—and Referee Bruce Hood, who was standing alongside the cage, signaled goal as well.

"You've got pretty bad eyes," Reay screamed at Hood.

"It was a good call, Billy," Hood shouted back. "The puck was six inches over the line."

"Mind your own business," Reay yelled.

"I am minding my business," Hood countered, with some logic.

Whether or not the Canadiens deserved that goal, it made little difference. Billy Reay's team had won again and in doing so proved the Black Hawks can still do more than just stop goals. The best moments in the game were provided by young Bryan Campbell, who centers Chicago's top-scoring line for Bobby Hull and Chico Maki, and Defenseman Keith Magnuson, the youngest cop in the NHL. Campbell came to Chicago from L.A. with Goaltender Gerry Desjardins and Defenseman Bill White in exchange for Gilles Marotte, Denis De-Jordy and Jim Stanfield. If the Hawks' trade with Boston three years ago was one-sided in Boston's favor, that deal with Los Angeles balanced the books. Campbell has scored 10 goals for the Hawks. White is the team's steadier defenseman and Desjardins is the other half of the best young goaltending pair in the NHL.

"In Los Angeles it was a hard thing to get up for games," Campbell says. "It was always 80° or something out there, and most of the guys couldn't think about hockey in that weather." Now he hits well with veteran Bobby Hull and, along with Stan Mikita and Pat Marlin, has given the Hawks excellent balance through center.

Keith Magnuson is scrawny as ever but even tougher after taking boxing lessons all last summer from Johnny Coulon, a former featherweight contender. "Now I shadowbox every day with three-

or four-pound weights in each of my hands," he said. "I'm trying to develop a good left jab." Although some might question what this has to do with playing ice hockey, the benefits were apparent last Wednesday night against such tough Montrealers as John Ferguson and Pete Mahowich. What Keith would prefer to master, though, is one of Coulon's anatomical tricks. "Johnny touches this nerve center in your neck," Keith says, "and you can't even lift him up. He won't tell me how to do it."

It's a pity Johnny wasn't there to touch a nerve or two in Billy Reay's neck at that point, for the coach was still spluttering as Chicago headed out for Boston immediately after the game.

"This schedule is ridiculous," Reay said when they arrived. "This is our second of four games in five nights. Here we are in Boston after playing the night before 1,000 miles away. Don't you think they could have found some other night for us to play in a hotbed like this?"

In a surprise move that night, Reay elected to use his No. 2 goalie, Desjardins, who had not lost once in nine previous starts. "To beat Boston," Reay said, "we've got to skate both ways for 60 minutes. We're not like the Bruins, who can turn it off and turn it on. If we don't skate, we're in trouble all the time."

Alas, however, the Black Hawks rarely skated this night and the Bruins took a 3-0 lead in the first period. As Reay predicted, they turned themselves off for a while in the third period, so the Black Hawks scored twice within 12 seconds, but a few minutes later, in true Bruin style, they turned on again to protect their lead, and the game ended with Chicago down 3-2.

Back in the dressing room, Reay gradually talked himself down to earth as he pondered the seemingly venial sins of his top defenseman. "Magnuson's got a lot to learn," he said. "O.K., he took a five-minute penalty for fighting, but he took out a pretty good player with him." Reay was referring to Boston's equally pugnaacious forward, Derek Sanderson, who also got five minutes. "But then," Reay went on, "he let Sanderson get under his skin, so he acts up and gets a 10-minute misconduct and we lose him for the game. We can't lose Magnuson for the game when we're only down by a goal."

"Well," the anguished coach concluded at last, "we picked up two points—a split. I have no complaints." But, an impartial observer was forced to think, it was not precisely the way Coach Billy Reay would have chosen to celebrate Thanksgiving.

END



Black Hawk Keith Magnuson spent his summer learning how to inspire an opponent.

AMATEUR WEEK AT THE HERITAGE

For three days Lanny Wadkins and Steve Melnyk gave the touring pros lessons in the care and feeding of a hellish golf course. Then an old Master showed that patience counts for something **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Those well-heeled pilgrims of professional golf made their second annual Thanksgiving landing off the South Carolina coast last week to eat turkey, watch TV football and, as it turned out, get strangled on a little number known as the Heritage Classic, played on one of the meanest, cruelest courses that Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus or Miles Standish ever shook a four-iron at. The Harbour Town Golf Links at the tip of Hilton Head Island seemed to frustrate everybody but two smart and savvy amateurs who sauntered around the snaking bunkers and yawning marshes as if they owned the place. And as if one of them was going to win.

The upstarts were 250-pound Steve Melnyk, who from a distance—say, the length of one of his prodigious drives—resembles an alpaca mashed potato but who is really a solid citizen and businessman from Jacksonville, and Lanny Wadkins, a 20-year-old junior from Wake Forest with a curl in the middle of his forehead and the features of a matinee idol. Both Melnyk and Wadkins own U.S. Amateur championships, and at Hilton Head they demonstrated why the more experienced pros trying to negotiate pines, oaks, palmettos, Spanish moss, dirt hazards, walls of planks, railroad ties, several alligators and a decaying cemetery, those being some of the dangers awaiting one and all at Harbour Town.

What Melnyk also had the effrontery to do in the first three days of the Heritage was shoot a one-over-par 72 on opening day (when only one pro was under par), fire six birdies and an eagle for a 67 in the second round and hang tough enough on the third day to tie for the lead with Bert Yancey at even-par 213. What Wadkins did was even more impressive—shoot 69-68 in the last two rounds to finish even par and second in the tournament behind the winner, Bob Goalby.

After his fellows had continued to embarrass themselves in the face of the am-

ateur assault, it was left to Goalby—the 1968 Masters champion and winner of only one tournament since—to take matters into his own hands on the final day, shoot 66 (for a four-under-par 293) and become the only man to take the measure of Harbour Town's wriggling, twisting treacherous over the full 72 holes, the only one to break par. His labors were worth \$20,000 to him.

The Heritage Classic, in its second year, has become a fixture on the tour, due in equal parts to the significance of its course (the tightest on the circuit and probably the most difficult that the pros play) and the setting. Sea Pines Plantation is the sort of place that convinces even the first-time visitor that John Alden and the rest of the *Mayflower* bunch must have lost their bearings when they put in along that bleak Massachusetts shore.

Oh, there were some cold temperatures early in the week at Harbour Town (the greens froze on Wednesday, limiting the pro-am to nine holes), but that proved to be the tail end of a cold spell that one local official called, "only a mirage, a figment of you-all's imagination." Doubtless Palmer, the defending champion, was seeing no mirage when he officially opened the tournament in 30° chill by blasting a ceremonial tee shot moments before a live cannon almost blasted him. The gunfire was an extension of a tradition begun 216 years ago at St. Andrews, where the winner of the Silver Club of the Society of St. Andrews Golfers was declared "Captain of the Golf." The Captain, whose duty it became to arbitrate all disputes touching the game, is required to "play himself" into office by hitting a drive to the house of cannon shot.

Well, Captain Arnie didn't have to arbitrate much that first day at Hilton Head, but he did take an ancient "play" eluh, brought over from Scotland for the occasion by the official pro of St. Andrews, Laurie Auchterlonie, and to the accompaniment of spirited cannonading

proceeded to hook six test shots. And he didn't even flinch, which was considerable improvement over last year's ceremonial driver, Nicklaus, who heard the cannon go off on his downswing and nearly fell off the tee while his ball dribbled about 30 yards.

Tradition aside, the Heritage Classic had some other things going for it. Most important, perhaps, it was the first tour event anyone could remember that almost seemed to attract more golfers than spectators, making it also the first time his Army honestly won Arnie (and discovered that the man is not Palmer at all but a twin brother of Roy Rogers). Since the sponsors limit galleries to 5,000 a day, preferring not to jam up the island or overtax their attractive accommodations, and since a satellite event was being held this year nearby, there was indeed a surplus of golfers: more than 300 were on the island early in the week, before the cuts took their toll.

For the first time ever on the tour a 72-hole satellite, called the Sea Pines Open, was being played simultaneously—and right next door at the Ocean Course of the Plantation Club. Spectators who wanted to watch those whom the PGA likes to call its "stars of tomorrow" could quickly cross from the 5th of Harbour Town to the 13th of Ocean and see, for example, Lee Trevino start a hole and Vic Lonsdale finish it. Since few wanted to, the PGA may decide to make its satellite a bit more distant at Heritage time next year.

Once the festivities and fulminations were out of the way (including, one might add, an astounding front nine of 30 by Nicklaus in the pro-am that still wasn't quite good enough to win), the pros got down to some serious golf. Nicklaus, who was a consultant to Pete Dye in the designing of the course, admitted he was at Hilton Head out of a sense of obligation, that he was tired and "considered the year over." Well he might. He has won the British Open, the Presidents Cup, the Byron Nelson Classic, the



Bob Goalby helps a putt drop on the way to his second PGA tour win since the 1966 Masters.

seasonal Four-Ball (with Palmer) and the World Series of Golf. A finish as high as third at Hilton Head would have put him past Billy Casper for top money honors this year. This incentive didn't overcome his year-end ennui, and as Nicklaus faded out of contention he spoke of how frustrating it is to play poorly on holes of one's own making. "I get angrier here than anywhere we play," he said. "This place is designed for some shots I'm not supposed to be able to play, and that's a challenge. Then when I can't play them, it just burns my rear end."

Sadistic pin placements, especially on the par-3s, made the first round a nightmare despite ideal playing conditions. Goalby, charmed by the setting, said, "I could shoot 50 coming home and

still love it." He almost did. His 40 on the back nine Thursday spoiled a fine 34 going out. He was not alone. As the day dwindled and par held up, those who thought to inquire found that only twice in the last two years had par stood up so well in the first round of a tour event—once in this year's San Antonio Open, when Rod Funseth managed the only subpar round in shot and hail, and at the U.S. Open at Hazeltine, where Tony Jacklin shot a 71 while everyone else was getting blown away.

Sure enough, just when everybody was preparing adjectives for the place ("horrible, horrifying, hard-boiled Harbour Town"), here came Romero Blancas back from the lighthouse behind 18 with a one-under 70, and all vowed to have tacos with their turkey that evening. John

Miller may have done more than vow. A prolonged case of stomach cramps that struck him Friday morning didn't keep him from coming in with a 66, and when Melnyk carded a 67 (after a night of relatively restrained feasting and a visit to a home where Hollis Stacy, U.S. Girls Junior champion, was staying with her family) Harbour Town didn't seem quite so ominous.

But winning the Heritage was especially on Melnyk's mind. "I don't play in these things just for the experience," he said. "I want to beat the pros." It is no secret that Melnyk remained an amateur this year only so he might go to Spain for the World Amateur Team Championship and to St. Andrews for the Walker Cup in May. When he was not named to the World team despite his impressive record in the amateur ranks over the last two years, he felt jilted. "I guess I'm not one of the four best amateurs in the country," Steve said bitterly.

If Melnyk is not the best amateur in the country, then Wadkins certainly is. Lanny won eight amateur tournaments last summer, including the U.S. championship, and Harbour Town seemed perfectly suited to his driving game, which is startling in its accuracy, and to his feathery iron play. "I'm just banging it in and having some fun," he said after one day's round. "I know I can shoot par here."

At the end of the second round Miller (with a four-under 138) and Melnyk (one stroke behind) were the only players under par. The next day the two fell back into the field, as everybody suspected they would, but Miller fell too far back with his 80, while Melnyk hunched the picturesque 19th to hang onto a share of the lead. At that point, nine players, including Captain Arnie and one of his protégés, Jack Lewis (who shot an amazing third-round 65), were within two shots of the top and 19 were within four.

But Goalby quickly unscrewed all that on Sunday with two birdies on the first two holes. Melnyk soon faded (to a final-round 77), but Wadkins still had a shot at the tournament until taking a double bogey on the 11th hole. "I wish I had that one to play over," said the young amateur.

There will be time for that later. The Heritage Classic—and the touring pros—have not seen the last of Melnyk and Wadkins.

END

HOW THE WEST WAS, UH, TIED

by TEX MAULE

The San Francisco 49ers thought they had it won, but the Los Angeles Rams, finding an offense to go with their defense, beat them to share the lead

This was supposed to be the year of the Los Angeles Rams. They were going to win their division laughing and, when things got serious, take their conference and head for Miami. Instead they have been grimly trying to keep up in the West. Last Sunday they finally pulled even and almost ruined the San Francisco 49ers' chance for the first title of any kind in that team's dolorous 25-year history.

The 30-13 Ram victory, slugged out in Kezar Stadium on a day that began with rain and ended with seagulls casting their shadows on the field, left the two clubs tied for first in their division, with three games to go. But the Rams have the better interdivisional record, and by scoring a touchdown on the last play of the game, they also have an edge over the 49ers in total score for the two games they have played, the 49ers having won in Los Angeles in October 20-6. With both teams having 7-3-1 records, these factors could have a bearing on determining the division title, according to the NFL's complex tie-breaking process, which even the league hasn't fully fathomed.

For the first half it looked as if San Francisco would repeat its earlier win. Although he was under relentless pressure from the Ram front four, John Brodie still managed to complete nine of 18 passes for 108 yards, more important, he found running room for the big 49er backs—Ken Willard and Doug Cunningham—outside the Ram flanks, and by virtue of a nine-yard Brodie to Gene Washington touchdown pass, the 49ers led 13-6 at halftime.

But, appropriately enough, as the sun broke through so did Los Angeles, and magnificently. The Rams adjusted their defense and virtually shut Brodie out. "We were playing pass defense in the first half and they were running more than we

had expected," George Allen said after the game. The Ram coach was sitting on an equipment truck in the Los Angeles dressing room, sipping a soft drink. His voice was hoarse and uneven from excitement and strain. "In the second half," he said, "we used an odd line more, with a man playing over the center, and we strung the defense out wider. That contained their wide stuff and we still got pressure on Brodie. We never did sack him, but he never had a lot of time to throw, either. This was the biggest win in the five years I've been with the Rams. We beat them in their own backyard, and that means more, too."

The three Ram touchdowns were scored by Willie Ellison on bursts of one, two and eight yards. On each occasion Ellison replaced Larry Smith, and Allen was asked if Ellison was his touchdown specialist. Allen smiled and shook his head. "No," he said. "Smith did a very fine job. But he has had a bad leg, and it just happened that he was running out of gas at the end of the drives. And Willie is a fine runner, too. We gave three game balls today and he got one. Joe Scibelli got one in the offensive line, and Jim Nettles got one in the secondary."

Nettles came in to replace regular Cornerback Clancy Williams, who had injured his knee. Nettles responded to the challenge by intercepting two passes, one of which set up the second touchdown. The other came when Brodie decided, unwisely, to pass for a first down on fourth and two from the Los Angeles 44. There were two minutes left to play in the third period and the 49ers trailed by only three points, but the momentum they lost on that misplay was never regained, and from then on the Rams dominated the game.

With the outside lanes shut off so his

running attack and with the rush hindering his passing game, Brodie couldn't generate a consistent attack. The 49ers had run for 100 yards in the first half, complementing their 108 yards passing; in the second half they gained but 25 yards on the ground and 52 in the air.

"Our defense was designed to keep the pressure on Brodie all the time," said Deacon Jones, Los Angeles' All-Pro defensive end, who usually did just that. "The 49ers have a very fine offensive line, and John keeps his backs in to block a lot, so sometimes it feels like you're rushing against a seven-man line, 'cause they're very big backs. But we ran a million stunts on them and we kept after him and we made him throw too fast and too short and too long."

Jones shed adhesive tape from his ankles and shook his head. "Now what are they gonna say about us getting too old?" he asked. "They're always talking about how old we are. Hell, a football player don't really reach his prime until he's 30. Take me, I didn't know what I was do-



ing for a long time. I played flashy, made two or three big plays everybody saw, but nobody saw the times I got beat. Now I'm older and I'm a complete football player, and I don't make those foolish mistakes anymore."

Jack Purdie, who plays corner linebacker, calls the Rams' defensive signals and has three years' seniority on Jones, walked by and patted him on the shoulder. "There's a man been in this league 13 years and I wouldn't trade him for any linebacker in football," Jones said. "Like I wouldn't want any other tackle but Merlin Olsen playing next to me, neither. With guys like that, you know what they're gonna do all the time, and you know they ain't about to goof, and you can go ahead and do your thing the best way you can. We ain't old. We're mature."

Roman Gabriel (see entry), toweling himself as he talked to a knot of reporters, was having a hard time concealing his immense delight. "Our offense finally started to work today," he said. "It

was a beautiful thing they did. No mistakes, except for Alvin Haymond's fumble on a kickoff, and no interceptions. We ran into lots of tough luck and we kept on coming back and coming back. I can't ever remember having back-to-back offside penalties the way we did when we had the touchdown called back."

These mishaps occurred in the first half, and they might have broken a less determined team. The 49ers were ahead 6-0, but Gabriel had brought the Rams down to the San Francisco 36-yard line on a smartly run drive. Then he completed a 23-yard pass to Tight End Billy Triax, but the play was called back for the first offside penalty. On the next play Gabriel threw a 41-yard pass to Wide Receiver Jack Snow in the end zone, but that play, too, was nullified.

"It was Triax offside both times," Gabriel said. "He must have been lining up offside. Then, in the second half, I've got him wide open in the end zone and miss him."

This happened in the third quarter,

with the Rams operating from the San Francisco 15. It was a play-action pass, and Mel Phillips, the strong safety who should have been covering Triax, bought the run fake, leaving Triax all alone in the end zone. Gabriel overbore him by yards.

"Billy told me he'd be open on the play," Gabriel said. "It's what we call a straight and up. He gave the safety a little head fake to the inside and broke to the outside, and I couldn't believe how open he was. In a situation like that, sometimes you try to lift the ball to the receiver instead of drilling it, and I lifted it clear up into the third row of the bleachers."

The first time the Rams gained possession of the ball in the second half, Gabriel marched them 56 yards for a touchdown, the drive being sustained by Filson's runs. "We felt at the half we could hit them pretty good with inside running," Gabriel said. "We figured they might think we'd put the ball in the air right away, since we were behind 13-6. It worked. I think we're starting to make our way back now. And we're doing it at just the right time. I'm still not playing as well as I can. There are a lot of reasons for that. We've had so many people out at one time or another with injuries, and we've had fumbles and interceptions because we were going with different people all the time, but now we're beginning to do everything right. I think we'll go all the way now. For two weeks in a row we've come from behind and won, and now we know we can do it. This game had to give us the lift we've needed."

Jones was nearly dressed by now and the team was slowly deserting the dressing room to board the buses that would take them to the airport. "This is the best way to do it," Jones said. "Sometimes, in the past, we've tuckered out at the end of the season, but this year we're catching fire. We're going to keep getting better and better. We caught fire at just the right time."

Someone in the back of the dressing room yelled "Only six more wins" and Deacon grinned hugely. "Hey," he said softly, "six more. That takes us right through the Super Bowl, don't it?"

The Rams play New Orleans and Detroit at home in the next two weeks, then close their season with the Giants in New York. Of those three opponents only Detroit figures to give them any trouble. The 49ers play the Atlanta Falcons in San Francisco next Sunday, then finish on the

continued



Darly Winkle Edmon, who scored all three Ram touchdowns, takes a handoff and takes off.



Ram foursome—Allen, Jones, Talbert, Bacon—has changed game, but it's still fearsome

road against the Saints and the Oakland Raiders. There is very little to choose in the schedules, but Oakland would seem to be a stronger opponent than New York, especially in view of the rivalry between the Raiders and the 49ers, and Atlanta could give San Francisco a difficult game if the 49ers let down after this disappointing defeat.

Deron Talbert, who, with Olsen, applied pressure from the inside on Brodie, wasn't worried about future opponents. "Hell, it don't make no never mind," he said. "Now we got it. We been chasing all year, and we ain't about to start chasing again. All we got to do to be sure is win three ball games, and I reckon we can do that."

As Allen left the dressing room, he was asked about the stories that he will be through as the Rams coach after this season, no matter what. "I don't want to talk about that," he said. "All I want to do is think about the next game. But if I'm not here, I can guarantee I'll have a job four times as good."

It would be hard to figure out what that job would be if the Rams keep rolling.

Until Sunday it had been a year of frustration, adversity and pain for the Rams, who had to rely on their defense, and even that was weakened, principally on account of a nagging knee injury to Deacon Jones. Two weeks ago, when the Rams defeated the Falcons in Atlanta 17-7, the offense got only three points; after the game a friend suggested to Falcon

Couch Norman Van Brocklin that Atlanta should have punted on first down.

The two Los Angeles touchdowns in that game came on an interception by Kermit Alexander (a former 49er) and a 14-yard fumble return by Defensive End Coy Bacon. Nately of the 207 points scored by the Rams before they played San Francisco Sunday had come from field goals, plays by the defense or specialty teams, the Ram offense had accounted for a measly 16 touchdowns.

In defense of the offense, it must be pointed out that the Rams have not been exactly symbols of flourishing good health. No fewer than 23 of the 40-man squad have been hurt in varying degrees and out of action for varying periods.

"Every week, it seems like we lose a key player," said Allen last week. "Now we've lost Tommy Mason, and he makes a big difference to our running attack. But you can't worry about injuries. All teams have them. You have to work out a way to win in spite of them. We've had a tough time, but I think we'll put it all together for this game."

The Rams arrived in San Francisco a little after noon on Saturday and went directly to Kezar. It was an overcast day, with sprinkles of rain wetting the streets now and then, and the field at Kezar was covered by a tarpaulin. The Rams were to work out in the Golden Triangle, a pie slice of turf beyond one end of Kezar, but when Allen went to look at the Triangle, he found it less than golden—in fact,

drab, muddy and slippery—and he called off the practice.

The players were not at all disturbed by not having to work out. Talbert, Maxie Baughen and Ken Iman walked across the street from the stadium and ate hot dogs and drank beer or Coca-Colas as they waited for Allen to finish his inspection. A high school game had been played in the old stadium during the week, bringing to 30 the total number played there this year, and Allen was worried about the quality of the field.

Talbert, the least-sung member of the current Fearsome Foursome, played for the University of Texas, and is a notably loose man under any circumstances. "Those bleeps are good," he said about the 49ers. "You don't lead the division 'tew you're good. But when they beat us in Los Angeles, we was flat, and I mean real flat. After the game, even the 49er players said we was flat. But we ain't gonna be flat for this game. We didn't sack Brodie one time in Los Angeles, but I guarantee we're gonna knock his bleep off this time. We're gonna win this one."

In that first game, the Ram defense held the 49ers to only 243 yards of offense—but the Ram offense managed just 205. Brodie, behind redoubtable blocking, completed 13 of 20 passes for 193 yards. Gabriel, on the other hand, threw 35 times, completing only 14 for 126 yards, was dumped three times and was intercepted twice.

This series of misfortunes wasn't all Gabriel's fault. The truth is that he doesn't have first-rate receivers. Jack Snow and Wendell Tucker, the wide receivers, have difficulty getting open. Billy Truax is a sure-handed pass catcher and an exceptional blocker, but he lacks speed. Up until the game in San Francisco, Gabriel had to depend primarily on his backs to catch his passes, of the top five Rams receivers, three were running backs, and they had caught 61 passes to 52 for the flankers and ends.

In Atlanta, Gabriel only threw, toward his wide receivers four times, two passes were incomplete, one intercepted and one complete for a short gain. In that game, Allen used the pass merely as a diversion. With Gabriel throwing a total of 85 times, the Rams lost to the Jets and were tied by the Falcons in Los Angeles on the two previous Sundays. Gabriel passed only 15 times in Atlanta. "When you're not executing well, you start over with basics," Allen said in explanation. "You

continued

With our new instant-set calendar watches, it doesn't take a year and a day to change the month.

All you have to do is push the crown in, release it, and it's tomorrow. Again, and it's the day after.

This ingenious little device should, by all rights, be incentive enough for watches that sell for as little as these do. But we didn't stop there.

All nine of them are automatic, antimagnetic, and water- and shock-resistant, with 17-jewel Swiss movements. We even gave

a few of them some color on their faces without going overboard. And one (should you happen to go overboard) performs perfectly even at depths of 666 feet.

Yet they sell from \$49.95 to \$59.95.

Ask your Bulova dealer about our new Caravelle® instant-set, date and day automatic watches.

And he'll be happy to save you a year and a day and an arm and a leg.



Caravelle® by Bulova
Automatic Date and Day Watches.



Give the luck of the Scotch.

Johnnie Walker Red
So smooth-world's best selling Scotch

About
\$7.50

Fifth

PRICE MAY VARY ACCORDING
TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof, Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., New York, N. Y.

keep it simple, and running is simple. So we ran." Indeed, against the 49ers Sunday, Gabriel completed but seven of 21 for 70 yards, but his runners compiled 155, averaging 5.2 yards a clip.

In the 49ers' earlier victory over the Rams, Brodie defeated the rush in part by calling pass patterns that allowed him to release the ball quickly. He kept his backs in for extra protection and hit his wide receivers on quick turnouts, once in a while mixing things up with back patterns to Gene Washington for longer gains.

Merlin Olsen, a veteran in a patterned sport shirt and baby-blue stretch pants, was as loose and happy as Taubert in the parking lot outside the Kezar dressing room on Saturday. "You have to force a quarterback out of his pattern," he said. "What we'll try to do, if Brodie's throwing the quicks, is make him throw even quicker than he wants to."

Someone asked Olsen if he thought the Rams would be flat for this game, too. He shook his head. "You can't ever tell about that," he said. "But this may be the biggest game some of the veterans ever play. I've been with the club nine years now. Maxie Baughan and Eddie Meador came out of retirement to help us get to the Super Bowl. I don't think they'll play again next season, no matter whether we win it or lose it. So this is a big game."

"It's the most important game we've played since I've been coach," said Allen. "The whole year rides on it."

After Allen finished peeking under the tarpaulin, he reported to the team that the field was in reasonably good condition. The Kezar groundskeeper is, fittingly enough, a man named Wurm; after the high school game earlier in the week, he had the turf rolled and the divots replaced.

Two years ago, when the Rams played the 49ers on a slow track at Kezar and came out with a 20-20 tie, Allen said the field was a disgrace and that Commissioner Pete Rozelle should do something about it. What Rozelle did was fire Allen and tell him that if any of his players complained about playing conditions, he would hold the coach responsible.

"I hope it rains tomorrow," said Ken Iman. "We'll kick the hell out of them in any weather. Weather doesn't make the difference. It's how you feel."

Right now, the Rams feel like champions.

END

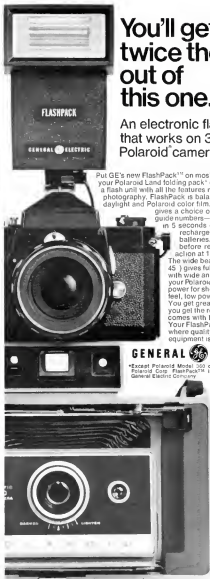
You'll get twice the use out of this one.

An electronic flash that works on 35mm and Polaroid® cameras, too.

Put GE's new FlashPack™ on most any 35mm, or on your Polaroid Land folding pack® camera. You have a flash unit with all the features needed for fine photography. FlashPack is balanced for all daylight and Polaroid color film. Its hi-lo switch gives a choice of Kodachrome II guide numbers—46 or 33. Recycles in 5 seconds on built-in, rechargeable ni-cad batteries. Up to 85 flashes before recharging. Stop action at 1/1000 of a second. The wide beam spread (70° by 45°) gives full frame lighting with wide angle lenses. With your Polaroid camera use high power for shots from 6 to 9 feet, low power for close ups. You get great results. And you get the reliability that comes with the GE name. Get Your FlashPack now. At stores where quality photographic equipment is sold. Under \$60.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

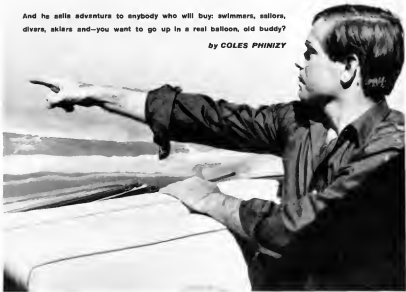
*Except Polaroid Model 300 camera. Polaroid® by Polaroid Corp. FlashPack™ is a trademark of the General Electric Company.



BUDDY IS EVERYBODY'S BUDDY

And he sells adventure to anybody who will buy: swimmers, sailors, divers, skiers and—you want to go up in a real balloon, old buddy?

by COLES PHINIZY



On the afternoon of March 6 George Heninger, a banker from Bettendorf, Iowa, was seated in the open bay of a plane, 2,500 feet above the snowy mantle of the French Alps. Although Heninger had received only five minutes of parachuting instruction in French that he did not fully understand, when the jumpmaster tapped his shoulder, he rolled out of the open bay and fell face down into the sky. He remembers tumbling for a moment, looking up at the belly of the plane. In the next instant

he felt the tug of the shrouds as his parachute opened. Since there was not much to do while floating down except enjoy scenery, Heninger held his jiffy Kodak at arm's length and photographed himself. "It isn't a flattering picture," he admits. "It makes me look like a banker who is agonizing over the prime interest rate." Although it was his first sky dive, Heninger landed a hundred yards from the center of the drop zone, sinking to his waist in deep powder snow. "It was an easy landing," he recalls,

"like jumping right onto a big, downy bed."

On the morning of June 14 Dr. and Mrs. Albert Shapiro of Vineland, N.J. took off from Ambler, Pa. in a gas balloon piloted by Tony Fairbanks, a patient aeronaut who has been riding around in such ancient and perverse devices for 40 years. When it lifts off, a gas balloon is supposed to go almost straight up, obeying a simple law of physics. On the day Dr. Al Shapiro and his wife Leonore were aboard, Fairbanks'



balloon rose 10 feet, then began sinking back to Earth while traveling sideways at an alarming rate. The balloon basket missed a parked car by inches and plowed into a tangle of honeysuckle vine. From the honeysuckle the balloon took an erratic bound into denser shrubbery. Shaking free, it then rose a few feet and crashed into a wall of 40-foot trees. During this panicky takeoff, pilot Fairbanks was coolly dumping sand over the side to get more lift. Although they were amused, the passengers, Al and

Continued



Leanne Shapiro, were not in a position to enjoy the moment fully. During the jostling Al Shapiro lost his spectacles. By the time the balloon hit the trees both the Shapiros were hunched in a prenatal ball in the bottom of the basket. As soon as the balloon was safely clear of the treetops the Shapiros got back on their feet and began giggling. For the next hour and a half they enjoyed themselves as the balloon drifted over the countryside at a speed slightly faster than the average turtle.

On the last Saturday in August at Hamover Field in New Jersey, Lynden Gillis, a New York Magnavox executive, put on a helmet, goggles and a silk scarf and climbed into the rear cockpit of a Stearman biplane piloted by a latter-day Red Baron named Al Miner. As soon as he had a few thousand feet between him and the good Earth, Miner began rolling and looping the old Stearman around the sky, putting it through tricks the original Baron von Richthofen might have used against the scarfed knights of the Allies in World War I. For passenger Gillis, the swoopy-loopy flight of the Stearman was a real trip. One instant the ground would be stretched out below, where it should be. The next instant the ground would disappear, then reappear, sometimes overhead, sometimes dead ahead. The Stearman never exceeded 130 miles an hour, but on his first ride in an open cockpit exposed to prop blast, Gillis felt that at any moment the old machine might go through the sound barrier, leaving its wings behind. When the Stearman slipped back onto the runway 20 minutes later, Gillis still had his lunch but had lost some of his cool.

Although they defied gravity in different ways, George Heninger, the sky-diving banker from Bettendorf, Dr. and Mrs. Al Shapiro, the balloon nuts, and Lynden Gillis, the wild-flying executive, had two things in common: they had an itch to do something out of the ordinary and while the itch was upon them, they all ran afoul of Leo (Buddy) Bombard, a former insurance broker and deckhand who now spends all his time infecting other people with his own restlessness. In his 37 bouncing years on this Earth Buddy Bombard never got around to joining the Boy Scouts, but he is just about everything a Scout should be. He is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient,

cheerful, brave, clean and sufficiently reverent. He is all those things, and he also is one hell of a salesman.

With his winning and convincing ways, Bombard undoubtedly would have prospered in insurance until his last gasp. Nonetheless, he gave up the business two years ago to devote himself less profitably to running the Chalet Club, a loosely knit group which he aptly describes as "a ski club that went berserk." The Chalet Ski Club was founded 17 years ago by Alexander McIlvaine, a New York architect who was only looking for a convenient way for himself and his friends to get to Stowe, Vt. McIlvaine chartered a spiffy old observation car from the New Haven Railroad and converted it into a rolling chalet. He removed the car chairs and put in Navy double-decker bunks for the ski-athletes who wanted to save all their strength for the slopes. He also put aboard a player piano and charming sawdresses who served spirits to the skiers who wanted to enjoy part of the trip north. When the ski lifts at Sugarbush—an hour closer than Stowe to New York—opened in the mid-'50s, McIlvaine decommissioned the chalet car and used buses instead. Once or twice a year he chartered planes to carry Chalet Clubbers to European slopes.

Because McIlvaine had a cavalier flair and a knack for doing things right, the Chalet Club became too popular. In 1964, when the membership reached 400, the enterprise was more than McIlvaine cared to handle, so he turned it over to Bombard, who had often served as manager on Chalet Club trips. Although Bombard had enjoyed skiing since his college days in the early '50s, a few years after taking over from McIlvaine he became too restless to operate a club centered on one activity. Working on the theory that any man or woman who is daft about skiing is probably a sucker for other excitements, two years ago he began expanding the club program to include an assortment of challenging and frisky pastimes. As a consequence the Chalet Club now attracts a variety of sport buffs and nature lovers who are willing to join an errant knight like Bombard in almost any kind of action. In the club's present membership of 3,400 there are skiers who are now scuba diving with Bombard and sky divers who are ballooning and sailplaning. Astonishing though it is,

in the Chalet Club today there are blue-water sailors who were born and bred to serve on beautiful ships but who—thanks to Bombard's persuasion—are now riding the rapids of mid-brown rivers in rafts that look like enemy bags.

The only way a Chalet member can be sure of staying with a single sport is by avoiding Bombard. No matter where he is, on an Alpine peak or beside a rusty river, no matter what the adventure of the moment, Bombard spends a great deal of time convincing everyone within earshot that there are other adventures they should try. George Heninger, the Bettendorf banker who went to the French Alps last winter to ski, was diverted to sky diving because he sat by chance at the same table with Bombard in a crowded restaurant. Dr. and Mrs. Al Shapiro were bouncing along the rapids of the Colorado River with Bombard when he persuaded them that, for real kicks, they should try ballooning a few hundred feet over the house tops back East.

Today, fully grown, Bombard stands 5' 4" and weighs 134 pounds. Possibly it is because he is a human parcel of modest size that he sometimes has trouble containing all the enthusiasm he generates. When discussing the aims of the Chalet Club, he often erupts suddenly, geyser-like, spewing out obvious truths with the same earnest fervor that made Billy Graham famous. According to Bombard's most repeated sentiments, the Chalet Club is "a living *National Geographic*, a continental Earth Day" designed for people who want to "enjoy nature on nature's own terms." Anyone exposed to his constant zeal for a week gets the feeling that Bombard will not rest until he has planted Chalet Club flags at both poles, as well as on Mount Everest and in the abyssal darkness of the Marianas Trench.

Although it is unquestionably Bombard's ambition to lead Chalet members ever onward, upward, downward and farther afield, many of the club's activities are not at all strenuous or even spine-tingling. For fainthearted members who do not care to stretch their luck the club runs an annual barge trip, at snail's pace, on the canals of southern France. For place-droppers who want to add another exotic land to their lifetime list, the club sponsors a trip to Antarctica, where there are emperor penguins, Weddell seals and a dwindling

continued

Give gold.

Do you think the gift of golden Galliano is too sentimental?

Perhaps it is.

The taste of Galliano is decidedly romantic, with overtones of baroque Old World richness.

According to the Italian legend,



Galliano is distilled from the rays of the sun; so perhaps it would help to describe the taste as, simply, golden.

But the tall bottle of golden Galliano makes a splendid gift. It isn't the thought that's sentimental.

It's the gift of gold behind it.



A stylized illustration of a man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a red shirt, and a patterned tie. He is leaning forward with his hand near his face, looking towards the viewer. The background is a solid pink color.

Double Dare

Just in from the Thirties:
the swagger and dash of
the two-hue continental
brogue. For the man
who knows how to
temper boldness
with finesse.

Put your foot down for **RAND**

Most styles \$16 to \$24



INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS

colony of sex-starved American scientists. For its most indolent members the Chalet Club now offers a unique vacation opportunity. By special arrangement with the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau Ltd., of London, the Chalet Clubber who craves the ultimate in inactivity can go to Scotland and serve as a volunteer spotter on the lookout station that is maintained explicitly to find out if dear old Nessie, the monster of the loch, is imaginary or real. It is said that anyone who stares across the water long enough, without moving a muscle except to take an occasional swat of Scotch, usually does start seeing Nessie.

There is, of course, a price per thrill. Parachute jumps cost \$13 each when one is qualified. Four days in the over and underwater Bahamas are \$275. Antarctic expeditions are \$2,700-plus. It costs \$245 to run down the Colorado River and, a few weeks ago, the club balloon was going up over Pennsylvania at \$65 a trip.

Stimulated by the offbeat activities they have enjoyed, Chalet members keep proposing other diversions to Bombard. To cite an extreme, one member of the club's lunatic fringe has suggested sawing off a section of the polar ice cap and riding it southward until it melts away underfoot. Although iceberg-drifting is indeed a novel exploit worthy of a Heyerdahl, it is definitely not one that Bombard would accept. As he points out, "The club's mission is not to shorten life, but to improve the quality of living." Another member has suggested reenacting Hannibal's elephant excursion across the Alps. Reliving a page of history "on nature's own terms" is the sort of thing that appeals to Bombard, but because there are no African elephants available for charter either from Hertz or Avis, such an expedition seems unlikely.

Buddy Bombard was only 13 years old when he became a wanderer. Although he is now in love with a dozen outdoor sports, during his early wandering years he was, curiously, virtually a one-sport man. When he was age 12 or thereabouts, his mother gave him a short lecture. After she had touched lightly on the facts of life that a growing boy should know, she ended her talk on a rousing note, urging him to seek "towering experiences." On a fair summer day shortly thereafter, Bombard

continued

Give a little craftsmanship for Christmas.

The men who make Seagram's Benchmark still believe a job should be done the old-fashioned way — with skill, dedication, great care. Craftsmanship like this has to make a pretty special Bourbon. Don't you think it should make a pretty special gift, too?



Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.



Why pay for your mistakes?

With the Minolta Hi-matic 11, a sensitive automatic electric eye sets everything for you. Even flash settings are automatic.

So you never end up paying for pictures you won't be proud to show. And you'll never be disappointed with over or under exposed pictures again.

If you prefer doing your own thing, try the Hi-matic 11 on semi-automatic. It lets you select shutter speeds up to 1/500th of a second for stop action shots. Get back pictures worth paying for. They're automatically yours with the Minolta Hi-matic 11.

With ultra-fast Rokkor f/1.7 lens, under \$115, plus case. For details see your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglaphoto Ltd., Montreal 376



MINOLTA HI-MATIC 11



SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 - Dec. 21)

"This is your week for conquest. Put Binaca in your arsenal."



BINACA'S IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.

HOW MANY MILLIONAIRES ARE THERE IN THE UNITED STATES?

and how many N.Y.W. millionaires join the ranks every year? How do they secure their wealth? The answer and the reasons may amaze you! This amazing story is revealed in a valuable new booklet, "NEW ROADS TO WEALTH AND OPPORTUNITY."

Even more exciting are the detailed details about a specific business opportunity that is nothing short of a gold mine. Why? Because, as an associate of the organization providing the opportunity, you help others to succeed.

For your free copy of "New Roads to Wealth and Opportunity," phone, write, or write immediately to:

SAI INTERNATIONAL Dept. 813
Box 22124 Denver, Colorado 80221 (303) 757-8500



Ghetto.

If our cities don't get help, they may soon be nothing but.

Together we can remake our cities. We will. We must. If you think there's nothing you can do to help, think harder.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT:

THE NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF EDUCATION, ROOM 500
ADAMS STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10007



BUDDY

bicycled eight miles from his Yonkers, N.Y., home to the shore of Long Island Sound, hoping to rent a rowboat or to get involved in some other kind of rowing experience. He did not find a rowboat that rented for less than a dollar, but at the Larchmont Yacht Club he came upon an International Class sailboat named August Barton who needed a crewman to help him stretch a new set of cotton sails. Sailing around a harbor to break in new canvas may hardly qualify as a rowing experience, but at least it was a start. In the next 20 years Bombard crewed for sound-the-huns skippers in half a dozen classes. In the International Class alone, at one time or another, he served with masters such as Bill Cox, Cornelius Shields and Arthur Knapp Jr. He was aboard the 12-meter *Fawcett* under Bus Mosbacher in the America's Cup trials of 1958. He was again with Mosbacher on *Weatherly* in the America's Cup defense of 1962, and crewed for Bob Bayer aboard the cup defender *Constitution* two years later.

In 1947, only a year after he started serving as a willing and able dock-ape in class boats, Bombard got the urge to "grade up" and try ocean racing as well. Most ocean-racing skippers understandably are reluctant to take a 14-year-old lad to sea, particularly the untutored child of a landlubber family. Realizing that his best chance for a berth would be on a large boat, Bombard focused on *Burns*, a 53-foot yawl owned by a vice-commander of the Larchmont Yacht Club named Frank Bissell. Bombard plagued Bissell at the yacht club, accosted him a number of times in his New York office and tracked him to his home in Larchmont. "I leaned so heavily on Frank Bissell," Bombard says, "that he finally took me."

By intuition or luck, Bombard had singled out a skipper who understood such youthful verve. Bissell had been a collegiate and AAU wrestler of national ranking for 10 years. Despite his modest weight of 164 pounds back in the crunching days of 60-minute, one-platoon football Bissell played first-string guard at a University of Michigan line that averaged 212 pounds. By the time Bombard signed onto his crew, Bissell had given up brutish sports like wrestling and football, but he was no slouch. Physically he still resembled Sandow the Magnificent, and he was as agile as a cat burglar. When Bissell's *Burns*

was in port, breakfast was never served until the deck was scrubbed and all the brass was shining bright. "I came on deck once," Bombard remembers, "and saw Russell chipping the brown paint off the hawsepipe, and I thought, 'Oh, boy, now he's found more brass to polish.'"

From the age of 14 to 34 Bombard served on a dozen oceangoing beauties such as *Bonnie*, *Catana*, *Odessa*, *Figaro* and *Barboreno*. Even after taking over the directorship of the ski-oriented Chalet Club, he went to sea now and again. Bombard claims that he might have lived out his years selling insurance, running the Chalet Club exclusively for skiers and sailing occasionally, except that aboard an airliner one day, under the influence of wine and mood music, he was seized by a sudden, depressing thought. He was 35 years old, virtually on the edge of the grave, and he had never even sampled much of what the world offers. On class boats and ocean racers he had certainly taken enough

salt water in the face to last a lifetime, but he had never explored the arcane world below the waves with a scuba tank on his back. As a Chalet Club member he had skied down many a slope, but he had never snowshoed or mushed behind a dog team or sky dived from 2,000 feet into powder snow, as hundreds of fat and happy Frenchmen were doing.

Within a week after realizing that the world had almost passed him by, Bombard settled out his insurance business and began figuring ways to expand the Chalet Club into more than a haven for skiers. From the outset he knew that he did not want ordinary fluff like golf and tennis in the club's mixed bag of attractions, but he was surprised to find that when he published a brochure of future possibilities, more Chalet Club members expressed an interest in soaring than in a common outdoor sport like fishing. This does not mean there may someday be more sailplaners than anglers. It merely indicated that in a very active sports group there are many

members who have already established contact with the familiar world of fishing but crave an introduction to a lesser-known one like soaring.

At Chalet Club get-togethers Bombard often shows slides and movies related to upcoming activities. At a gathering this spring he threw a movie onto the screen that he thought dealt with ballooning, a new club activity. It was not specifically about ballooning, alas, but was a history of lighter-than-air craft that spared the viewers nothing. Bombard managed, with grace, to choke off the film before its fiery climax, the *Hindenburg* disaster, but not before the audience had a good look at the remains of the *Merawind* scattered across Ohio. It was definitely the wrong pitch to sell rides in any kind of gas bag. But so what? Eighty-nine Chalet Clubbers signed up to go ballooning. As Bombard keeps pointing out, "When you have something different to offer, it is surprising how many people will come out of the woodwork and give it a try." END

8-track Stereo. Take it. Or leave it.

We've got tape players coming and going. From the village to the villa. From fireside to mountainside.

There's a portable that's a triple player. On house current, batteries, or your car's cigarette lighter.

Or handsome table models with wide-range speakers that wrap you

up in sound. We've even given one an FM/AM and FM stereo radio to boot.

Let's face it. You can get more mileage out of those 8-track cartridges you bought for the car.

You won't have to circle the block to finish the *Unfinished Symphony*.

Or leave the Electric Chairs in the middle of their big hit.

You can take it all with you.

Just as soon as you pick it up at your nearest

RCA dealer.

New vibrations from an old master.

RCA



For your nearest RCA dealer, call this 800-441-6661. In Pa. 800-243-6000. In Cal. 800-942-0022.



IT'S PARNELLI JONES AND JOHNNY LIGHTNING, PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS AL UNSER

HOT PACE IN A BIG MINI-RACE

Never mind Indy, the real drive is for a \$150 million market in tiny cars, with a whole world of kids hanging on every high-speed turn

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

It is a rivalry like no other. It has elements of GM against Ford, Army vs. Navy, Hertz vs. Avis, Macy's against Gimbel's, yin against yang, aspirin vs. Buller's. The Great Toy Auto Race is on! In this lane, revving up with Hot Wheels and Sizzlers, is Mattel, Inc., the biggest toy company in the world, with an annual gross of more than \$300 million. In the other lane, at the ready with Johnny Lightnings, is Topper Corporation. The prize at stake is a \$150-million-a-year market composed mostly of kids from 4 to 14 reaching up to the toy counters at discount houses or Pop's stationery store, dollar bills clutched in hand, saying, "Gimme that Hot Wheel" or "I want that Johnny Lightning." On such decisions fortunes turn and companies retol.

American youngsters, who may be the champion consumers of all time, have an extraordinarily wide choice of toy

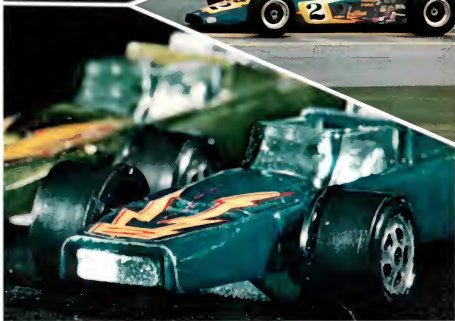
cars. Cars have supplanted the electric train sets that tootled around the Christmas trees of yesteryear. Like their adult counterparts, the kids want cars, cars and more cars. There are Aurora's Model Motoring, Ideal's Mini-Motoring, Kenner's SSP, Serombecker's and other so-called slot-car racing sets, but the big bonanza is in miniature die-cast cars with low friction wheels, such as Mattel's Hot Wheels and Topper's Johnny Lightnings. Mattel has the biggest share of the market, with Topper a distant second but coming on fast in recent months.

The Great Toy Auto Race between Mattel and Topper is being fought on all sorts of fronts, involving the television screen, cereal boxes, buttons, patches, coloring books and other hoopla galore. Mattel spends more on advertising than such industrial giants as Standard Oil of California, Royal Crown Cola, Sun Oil, Delta Air Lines, Arm-

strong Cork or Ling-Temco-Vought, and Topper is not far behind. In fact, Topper goes in for the hard sell with such a vengeance that almost a quarter of its gross is poured back into advertising. In the field of auto sports Mattel and Topper are having a wicked go at each other. Both companies have discovered that kids like to identify with real-life race drivers. Mattel is big in hot rods. It is hacking Tom (Mongoose) McEwen, five-time holder of the national-speed and elapsed-time drag records, and Don (Snake) Prudhomme, 1969's hot rod driver of the year. It has tied in with Grand Prix models and the National Hot Rod Association and has sponsored the Hot Wheels Supnationals drag strip championships. Scratching and scrambling

continued

RATED ON SCALE (100 Johnny Lightnings race faster than the real car (No. 2) did at Indy)





bling to stay in the race, the rival Topper Corporation is sponsoring the Parnelli Jones racing team and last May pulled off a fantastic coup by winning at Indianapolis with the Johnny Lightning 500 Special, driven by Al Unser. As a result, Unser has come to be regarded by kids as Johnny Lightning himself, and whenever he shows up at a store to plug the Johnny Lightning toy cars he is surrounded by a horde of boys. "East Peterson, New Jersey, two thousand kids!" exults Bob Perilla, Topper's public relations man. "Two thousand!"

All this causes some people at Mattel to groan quietly in a corner. Mattel had the first chance to get Al Unser for Hot Wheels, but turned him down.

Mattel has had promotional victories of its own, however. Last February the Chamber of Commerce and the Junior Chamber in Saginaw, Mich. sponsored a Hot Wheels Derby in a local shopping mall. There were more than 1,700 entries, and a crowd of 6,000 showed up to watch the finals in which Hot Wheels cars raced down 250 feet of track from an eight-foot-high starting tower. In May a Hot Wheels Derby in Niles, Ohio attracted 850 entries and a crowd of 10,000. As a result of all this, the Saginaw Chamber of Commerce, with happy cooperation from Mattel, is sponsoring a National Hot Wheels Derby championship for 1971. After local and statewide derbies are run off in shopping centers all across the country the finals will be held in Saginaw, with plenty of prizes. Never one to lag behind, Topper is involved in Johnny Lightning racing competition with the YMCA, which ordinarily eschews any activity smacking of commercialism. Boys' interest in toy cars is so intense, however, that more than 900 Y's have signed up, and each of them has been presented with two free Johnny Lightning New 500 Le Mans Raceway sets by Topper. There will be branch, citywide, regional and national finals, with the grand prizewinner and his family getting an all-expenses-paid trip to the 1971 Indy 500 as Al Unser's personal guests.

This human touch, the signing of real hero drivers to promote toy cars, finally got to the Aurora people, who are anx-

ious to join the race with their own Model Motoring setups. A few weeks ago, in a bold promotional stunt, they staged a mock race on the Ed Sullivan television show. Did any real kids get to play cars? No. There at the miniature trackside were racing greats Dan Gurney, Stirling Moss, Jackie Stewart and Graham Hill, outfitted in newly bought Dunhill blazers and not the least embarrassed. Score one for Aurora, even though there was a tense moment when Gurney first agreed to appear but asked, innocently, "May I wear my Mattel jacket?"

At Mattel, Topper is considered a pestiferous copycat company, a Johnny-come-lately, if you will, that happened to be struck by promotional lightning at Indianapolis. Mattel executives take pride not only in being on top of the toy industry, but in their company's innovations as well. Mattel's Research and Development department employs more than 400 people, ranging from physicists to hair stylists. Secrecy is the word. Mattel is already hard at work on its 1972 line—the 1971 line was decided months ago—and the company does not want any competitors, particularly Topper, to get an inkling of what's new. Toy projects are given code names ("Zip" was the code for the Sizzler cars) and R&D prototypes are literally kept from prying eyes under wraps of purple cloth. It is impossible to enter Mattel's headquarters in Hawthorne, Calif. without signing in with a guard and receiving a badge and an escort. Every employee wears a badge of one color or another, the color of the badge depending upon the security clearance of the wearer.

By contrast, no one at Topper wears a security badge. Research and Development at Topper is behind the design chief's office door, which opens after a knock. "Why would Topper need any security?" asks Bernie Loomis, the Mattel vice-president in charge of Hot Wheels. When discussing Topper, Loomis and other Mattel execs are fond of waspishly quoting Kipling:

*And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining a little in front o' the next."*

*They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em swearing and stealing a year and a half behind.*

Mattel began 25 years ago when Elliot and Ruth Handler, childhood sweet-

hearts in Denver, began making picture frames in a converted garage in Los Angeles. After filling one large order the Handlers found themselves with leftover scrap plastic and wood. An industrial designer by profession, Handler converted the scraps into dollhouse furniture and, with Ruth doing the selling, they did \$100,000 worth of business, \$30,000 of it net profit. Since then Mattel has been one success story after another. In 1947 the company introduced the Uke-a-Doodie, a small plastic ukulele, in 1948 a plastic piano with ramed keys that was difficult for competitors to copy and in 1949 a revolutionary music box. By 1955 Mattel was doing \$5 million a year gross. This was the year the Handlers grabbed \$500,000 to advertise their Burp Gun on a new television show called the *Mickey Mouse Club*. The response was staggering. Reaching the kiddies directly with TV had far-reaching implications, explains Handler. "Previously most toys were purchased by adults who would ask the retailer: 'What do you have for a 5-year-old?' Three or four products were offered as possibilities and the selection made. Neither the toy nor the manufacturer was identified in the mind of the adult or the child. With television both brand name and the product could be sold directly to the consumer. It was the beginning of a marketing revolution."

The marketing revolution continued with Mattel's introduction in 1959 of Barbie, a chesty doll named after the Handlers' daughter, and later Ken, Barbie's boyfriend, named after their son. (Topper now has Dawn, a Barbie-like doll that sells for half the Barbie price and which, or who, zoomed recently to No. 1 spot on the toy hit parade. "Dawn's just a gorgeous little bread, she really is," says David Downs, Topper's executive vice-president for corporate development, giving her a pat on the head in the show-room.) Mattel followed with other successes: Baby First Step ("The first doll to walk by herself"), Baby Tender Love (Topper has Baby Luv 'N Care), Creepy Crawlers, Fright Factory and Incredible Edibles (all made from Plastogoo and Gobbie-DeGoop; half the fun at Mattel is making up names). See "N Say educational toys and—roll of drums, blast of trumpets, unfurl all shopping-center flags—Hot Wheels!

Small cars have been a staple in the

continued

LEADING THE FIELD, Hot Wheels performs like popstar-tar racers, even to the parades.

Creating a better impression



CROSS Writing Instruments in Solid 14 Karat Gold: unparalleled writing pleasure. At Better Stores Worldwide.

\$59.00 Pen or Pencil
\$199.00 The Set

CROSS
SINCE 1846

MINI-RACE

toy business for years, and collecting miniature cars is an old idea, going back to Dinky toys and beyond, but one day in 1967 Handler wondered if Mattel couldn't come up with a new twist: speed. "Kids like things that go fast," Handler says. Why not make miniature cars that would run fast, cars that would create what the Handlers fondly term "a play situation"? R&D at Mattel was unleashed and came up with a prototype gravity-powered car that could run at a scale speed of 300 mph downhill. The secret was low-friction wheels made of styrene hung on torsion bars. Recollections differ at Mattel but, according to the most common version, Handler took one look at this car and exclaimed, "Wow, those are hot wheels!" In 1968 Mattel came out with the first of the Hot Wheels line. Besides the cars, which factory wholesale for 58¢ apiece and generally retail for 98¢, a buyer could purchase strips of plastic track on which the car could roll. Some of the cars were modeled on standard automobiles—Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, Corvette, '36 Ford Coupe, Mercedes-Benz 280 SL, Continental Mark III—but others were way out, Mattel inspirations done in what the company calls California style, such as Splitfin' Image, Sand Crab, Hot Heap, Light-My-Firebird, Harry Hauler, Power Pad and Nitty Gritty Kitty.

Instant success, Mattel was soon making more toy cars than all the life-size automakers in the world combined. In accordance with company custom Mattel began immediate work on improvements and additions that would enhance the Hot Wheels line, and new products have included a stunt-action set in which Hot Wheels loop the loop; dual racing tracks; the Super-Charger, a battery-operated device with spinning brushes that send Hot Wheels whirling down the track; the Lap Counter, a starter called the Rod Runner, the Tune-Up Tower, a parking garage with an elevator and equipped with a Dyno-Meter to check wheel alignment. Misaligned wheels can be corrected by—right!—the official Hot Wheels wheel wrench. There is the MongOOSE & Snake drag racing set, complete with drag chutes, and the exquisitely detailed Gran Torino, built in Italy to a slightly larger scale and featuring such lifelike models as T-tanigila, Lotus Europa, Lamborghini Miura, Porsche Carrera and the Ferrari P4.

But the blockbuster came this year:

Sizzlers. These have plastic body shells and are powered by a nickel cadmium battery that can be recharged by the Power Pin or the Juice Machine. Kids can, according to the promotion, "race 'em Charge' 'em. Run lap after lap at super speeds. Recharge again and again for instant power. Quick pit work lets cars charge back into action in 24-hour endurance races like Daytona and Le Mans."

Mattel is not standing still with the success of the Sizzlers, which are factory priced at \$2.10 each. This January, to quote Mattel's tease advertising, "the RRRumblers are coming!" The new RRRumblers are motorbikes built to run on Hot Wheels gravity tracks. That is just for starters; more RRRumblers innovations are in the works, shrouded by purple cloth. To get RRRumblers off the ground, Mattel is coming out with an offer that allows kids to trade in certain Hot Wheels buttons for the new product. The response is expected to be overwhelming. Last December, Mattel started a small campaign announcing the Hot Wheels Club. For \$1 a youngster could get a Boss Hess Hot Wheels and a collector's edition of the Hot Wheels catalog. In little more than a month more than half a million youngsters wrote in. It took the company six months to dig itself out from under the mail, and if only Topper and Johnny Lightning would go away the world would be pure gravy.

Topper Corporation headquarters in Elizabeth, N.J., composed of old brick buildings capped by smokestacks and surrounded by railroad sidings, is said to be the biggest single toy factory in the world. It looks more like an R & F target in the Ruhr. The presiding genius is a first-rate table-tennis player, chess addict, sometime sculptor and former inmate of a German concentration camp named Henry Orenstein.

In 1969, a year after Mattel introduced Hot Wheels, Orenstein and Topper came out with the first Johnny Lightning metal cars, which could be rolled by gravity or propelled around a track by a catapult device called an actuator. Inasmuch as the actuator is hand operated, Topper says Johnny Lightning races are won by skill. From the very first, Topper made the claim that Johnny Lightnings were faster than any Hot Wheels car. According to Topper, the first Johnny Lightnings could achieve

scale speeds of 400 mph. The secret was their wheel construction. The wheels are made of Celcon and hung on straight axles. This year Topper refined the wheels even more and improved the actuator, boosting the scale speed to an asserted 1,500 mph.

Initially, Johnny Lightning sales lagged far behind Hot Wheels. Then Henry Orenstein pulled off the masterstroke, or what Elliot Handler of Mattel terms "a desperate gamble." Topper sponsored the Johnny Lightning 500 car that Al Unser drove to victory at Indianapolis last May. The resultant publicity gave credibility to the speed of the toy Johnny Lightnings and, as Ron Aaront, vice-president in charge of product development at Topper, says, "Speed is the name of the game." Since then Johnny Lightning sales have jumped and figures compiled by Mattel show that for about every three Hot Wheels one Johnny Lightning is sold.

How Orenstein and Topper came to sponsor the Johnny Lightning 500 at Indy is an astonishing tale in the annals of capitalism. Much credit belongs to Jim Cook, a former Firestone flack who was trying to line up 1970 sponsorship of the Parnelli Jones racing team. Cook lives near the Mattel headquarters—in fact there are so many Mattel executives in his neighborhood that it is known as Mattel Hill—but he had no luck in getting Hot Wheels sponsorship. Mattel had a lot of promotions going, the Indy 500 was not on TV, and besides the idea was just too crazy. Undaunted, Cook took his pitch to Topper. Orenstein was intrigued, but was it really possible to pick a driver for the 500 and actually win with him the first time out?

At a memorable meeting in June 1969, 11 months before Indy, Orenstein asked Cook: "If your head were on a chopping block and your life depended on giving the right answer, tell me now, who is going to win the Indianapolis 500 next year?" Without hesitating Cook replied, "Al Unser." With that show of confidence, Orenstein agreed to make a deal. For a sum believed to be \$150,000 Topper was to sponsor five racing cars to be built by Parnelli Jones. They were to be called Johnny Lightning 500 Specials, and they were to be painted blue with gold lightning bolts. There were to be two cars for the Indy race, a starter and backup cars. Al Unser was to be the driver. Two other Johnny Lightnings

were for the dirt-track circuit. Moreover, the other members of the Jones team—Mario Andretti, A. J. Foyt, Bobby Unser, Joe Leonard, Billy Vukovich, Roger McCluskey and Jones himself—were to do commercials for the toy Johnny Lightnings. Elated, Cook returned to California with the glad news for the team. He was greeted with profound depression. One mechanic muttered, "Now Andy Granatelli will say we have a 98½ car."

Al Unser himself felt let down. "I didn't think they'd make a good sponsor, being a toy company," he says now. "I thought we'd be kidded. But seeing what kind of a company Topper is, well, I knew if I won the race they would advertise it. They could capitalize on it. It's worth money to them and to me. The more advertising I get the easier it is to sell me, and the easier I can make a living."

Jones went ahead with construction of the Johnny Lightning cars. They were built, Cook says with a certain righteous satisfaction, "within two miles of Mattel's home office." The first sweet taste of possible victory came last March in the Phoenix 150, when Unser, driving the Johnny Lightning, lapped the entire field with the exception of his brother Bobby—also under contract to Johnny Lightning. Before the race at Indianapolis, Orenstein was supremely confident. He gave a pre-race party in Jones' garage and set up toy race sets for kids who were invited. The day before the race Orenstein held a sales meeting in an Indianapolis hotel. The subject was: "What do we do when we win?" When Unser and the Johnny Lightning 500 took the lead early in the race Orenstein sought to head for the pits to celebrate victory. With 35 laps still to go Orenstein could be restrained no longer, and when Unser came in the winner Topper executives immediately slapped a sticker, JOHNNY LIGHTNING, WINNER OF THE INDY 500, on the car. "Where did you get that?" Jones asked. He was told that Orenstein had ordered several million printed before the race. "If we know that, we would have killed you!" Jones screamed. Orenstein smiled, and Johnny Lightning has been rolling since.

After Joe Leonard won the Milwaukee 150 in the Johnny Lightning 500 he demonstrated the toy cars in a Topper exhibit at the Milwaukee County Fair

continued



Ted Williams says:

"You spend more time getting in shape, less time changing plates with Sears new barbells."

"I know from experience. When you're in top shape, you feel better, play better. And a great way to do it fast is a program of weightlifting."

But if you've used weights, you know the problem. You waste a lot of time just changing the plates.

Sears and I wanted to speed it up. So we talked to Bob Mathias, two-time Olympic Decathlon Champion and now Sears Sports Staff Advisor on physical fitness.

Bob and Sears came up with a great idea: a quick-release collar. You release a button—the collar locks tight. To unlock, push the button.

It's a great barbell set for other reasons too. Both plates and collar interlock, so there's no shifting to throw you off balance. Only the sleeve turns.

There's something else you don't get in other sets: a 10-point weight training book for athletes written by Sears Sports Advisory Staff experts. It tells you how to build the muscles you need for different sports.

Bob Mathias works out regularly with this new set. He says it cuts changing weights to a fraction of the time it used to. That's why his approval is right under my check mark.



When Sears equipment carries this check mark, you know it's their best. Tested by me or other advisors.

Tomorrow, check over this new 125-lb. barbell set yourself in a Sears Sports Center. Or the Sears, Roebuck and Co. Catalog. You'll shape up fast, you've got my word."

Sears 
SPORTS CENTER
where the new ideas are

If you just want to look good, don't light it.

On the other hand, if you'd like to taste the small, mild cigar with all the flavor of a large cigar, go ahead.

White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.

MINI-RACE *continued*

last August. A youngster came in and offered to race his Mattel Sizzler against a Johnny Lightning. "We had done tests in our factory," says Ron Aarout of Topper, "so we knew what would happen. We gave him a third of the way head start and beat him easily. Our car can cover a 30-foot section of track in 1.8 seconds. The kid was flabbergasted. We went out and got more Mattel Sizzlers and Juice Machines and put on exhibitions everywhere we went."

Recently Topper came out with a flyer that asks, "Boys, which are faster—the new Johnny Lightning 500s or the Sizzlers?" And Al Unser answers, "The new Johnny Lightning 500s running on their tracks are twice as fast as the Sizzlers on their tracks or any tracks. That's a fact!" Topper recently ran an ad of this nature in *Boys' Life*, which prompted Mattel's ad agency to protest to the magazine. "A Sizzler car is a different product," says Bernie Loomis, the Hot Wheels veeep. "This is like comparing oranges and bananas. It's like saying a hack dash man can beat Jim Ryan in the 100. But Jim Ryan isn't out to run the 100, he's a miler. Our concern is that that kind of ad to the kids isn't going to do the toy business any good."

Back at Topper, Henry Orenstein says, "Johnny Lightning has the fastest cars by far, and no single company can challenge that statement. In fact the Indy 500 has set the speed standards for the entire industry. To say that we are copycats is ludicrous. It is a common practice to try to improve on existing concepts." (Then last week, while the two companies were still arguing—and advertising—the Federal Trade Commission stepped up with formal complaints against them both, citing TV ads that "exaggerate or falsely represent" the toy cars, and asking both to cease and desist.)

Still, the rivalry shows no signs of lessening. Hot Wheels is getting ready to spring the RRRumblers and other surprises. Johnny Lightning is out to really cut the Sizzler down to size with a battery-powered trailer attachment called the Afterburner, which will be about one-third the price of a Sizzler. Will Hot Wheels hold on to the lead? Will Johnny Lightning gain ground? Mattel and Topper have different opinions, but that's what makes a horse race, or at least the Great Toy Auto Race.

END



Gift Discoveries

IT'S CHRISTMAS...AND THE GIVING IS EASY!

Easy does it! No fuss n' worry this year. Just pick the cream of the new crop of exciting "GIFT DISCOVERIES" to solve every one of your Christmas Gift problems. After all, "GIFT DISCOVERIES" is Santa's best helper!



Tear out the handy Christmas Gift List at the right. Then pull out the colorful Gift Guide section. Pick up your phone for name of nearest store, if noted in the ads...or look for these gifts on your very next shopping trip!

when you see these numbers on the page

FOR NEAREST STORE, CALL 800-631-4282 OR 800-631-4299 TOLL FREE.

(In New Jersey call collect 201-486-1234)

Christmas Gift List

Accutron by BULOVA

for _____

ENRO Shirts

for _____

ESQUIRE Socks

for _____

EVEREADY Rechargeables

for _____

FLEETWOOD Sports Records

for _____

GOLD LABEL Cigars

for _____

OLD GRAND-DAD Bourbon

for _____

PLEETWAY "Gadabouts"

for _____

REGAL Golf Balls

for _____

REMINGTON Steam Rollers
& The Hot Comb™

for _____

REMINGTON Electric Shavers

for _____

PRO FOOTBALL Game

for _____

TALF Fragrances

for _____

VAT 69 GOLD Scotch

for _____

★ Now It Can Be Told:

The Sung Hero of the \$150,000 Laurel International a couple of weeks ago was Jockey **Jorge Velasquez**, who booted Fort Marcy to victory, upholding U.S. racing prestige and collecting \$10,000 in pay.

But the Unsung Hero was Baltimore Cabbie **Daniel Watchinsky**, 45, who picked up Jockeys Velasquez and **Ron Tarcotte** at Friendship International Airport when their plane was 90 minutes late from New York. Watchinsky booted his 5-year-old taxi 15 miles to the track in about 15 minutes, on the rail all the way, and got them there one minute under deadline for entering the race. A friend met them and paid off the taxi while the jockeys dashed inside.

After the victory, Velasquez agreed that Watchinsky had saved the day and said, "I geeve him nice teep if he steel there."

Well, this is to remind Velasquez that Watchinsky is still there—right at the old international cabstand at Friendship—and he still ain't got that nice teep.

Down in Campbellsville, Ky., Sheriff **Junior Sprowles** refused to take a Breathalyzer test when



he was stopped for suspected drunken and reckless driving and his license was suspended. So how can a man be expected to do any shuffling when he can't drive a car? Well, that's lawman Sprowles chasing down crime over there now. On his horse.

I've Got a Secret: I

"My death," **Gloria Swanson** confided to an interviewer. "I was never—never, ever—a Mack Sonnet bathing beauty. Never, never, ever. I can't, and never could, swim." Sorry, Gloria, but a won't do. Swimming is not now, and never was, a prerequisite for being a bathing beauty. Never, never, ever.

I've Got a Secret: II

Bailey Howell has hamster-toes. Philadelphia Trainer **Al Domenico** confided that Howell has four on each foot, which he figures could be a league record. Same rule as above: straight toes have never ever been a prerequisite for playing basketball. Or being a bathing beauty, for that matter.

Scene, The American Shoals off Florida. The second annual Duck Key Sailfish Tournament is under way. So far, this is not exactly the most exciting event in the world.

Then, along come Charter Captain **Bob Lowe** and Illinois Industrialist **Eric Bley** in a borrowed 20-footer. And along comes the East German cruise ship *Völkerefreundschaft*, headed for pay old Havana. Light plane buzzes the ship as a signal and off the liner jumps **Karl Bley**, who wants U.S. asylum and was set up for the escape by brother Eric. Three other East Germans quickly spot the plot. Do they turn Karl in? No. They go splash, splash, splash.

Back at dockside, Skipper Lowe was calm. "All the federal agencies are a little buffed up because they weren't let in on it," he said. But, listen, about the unexciting tournament: "You might say I caught and released four before the fishing day started. But I couldn't count any of them."

The Two Saddest Sport Stories of the Week:

Consider **Alex Sotir**, football coach at Johns Hopkins, where the students hate football but love lacrosse (crowds of 10,000 in a 5,000-seat stadium and all that). Last week the Hopkins graders played Western Maryland with the prospect of bringing home a fourth straight conference title. Local boosters hired a bus to take students to the game and 13 signed up. At

the field the crowd was generously estimated to be 400. And Hopkins lost, 36-20. And Sotir came home and gun, hooray for Sotir.

And let's hear a ragged little cheer out there for **Marty Blake**, president of the ABA Pittsburgh Condors, who came up with this nifty promotion. Blake gave away tickets to the game, 10,192 of them, worth some \$35,000. And the freeloading fans filled the place, right?

Wrong. About 8,000 people came.

And the Condors went out and lost to the Floridians, 122-115. "Our team just plain stunk," he said.

Blake has not resigned. Yet.

★ First, **Mario Andretti** crashed his fancy new Formula 1 racer during the Grand Prix of Austria. Car owner **Andy Granatelli** cabled some U.S. newsmen that the thing was demolished and that most of what was left was snatched off by souvenir hunters. Next, trying to play down his crash, Andretti allowed as how the car wasn't really damaged all that much. Enter Indianapolis sportswriter **Ray Marquette**, who got into a big hoo-ha with Granatelli over how badly the car was hurt. And pretty soon a truck pulled into Marquette's driveway and the driver unloaded 80 pounds of junk: the ravaged remains of a Formula 1 Monocoque chassis. "I had to pay \$5.67 freight for it," Marquette howled to Granatelli. "You got a bargain," growled Andy. "After all, I paid \$12,500 for the damn thing."

Most Artistic Sporting Quote of the Week:

From collector **Alc Wildenstein**, who bid a world-record \$5,544,000 for a Velasquez oil: "It is not a gamble. A horse may sell for five or six million dollars and then break a leg. That is a gamble."

Make a dream come true

You probably know someone who loves to do photography. Someone for whom a camera bearing the Nikon name would be the fulfillment of a life-long dream. Wouldn't you like to be remembered as the one who made that dream come true?

NIKON F

The world's most wanted camera. Incredibly responsive, infinitely versatile. Key to the most comprehensive system ever created for 35mm photography. Priced from \$316, with lens.

NIKKORMAT FTN

Embodies today's most advanced meter system for thru-the-lens exposure control. Uses the same interchangeable lenses as the Nikon F, and many Nikon system accessories. Prices start under \$280, with lens.

NIKONOS II

Unique, amphibious 35mm camera takes pictures to depths of 160 feet without a housing. Ideal for skin and scuba diver, boating enthusiast, skier—any active outdoorsman. With interchangeable Nikkor f2.5 lens, \$195.

NIKON SX SUPER ZOOM MOVIE CAMERA

Brings Nikon quality to super 8 movie making. All-electric, with powered 8-time Nikkor Zoom f1.8 lens, automatic thru-the-lens exposure control, built-in special-effects facilities. The finest of personal movie cameras. Under \$300.

NIKON ULTRA COMPACT PRISM BINOCULARS

In three pocketable sizes—6x18, 7x21, and 8x24—each as bright and sharp in daylight as the largest and costliest glasses you can buy. All offer moisture-resistant, featherweight construction and stunningly modern design. Prices start under \$60.



Your Nikon dealer can offer many more ideas bearing the most respected name in photography. See him or write for details. Nikon Inc., Garden City, NY 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.O. Box 1000).

Please say it ain't so, Joe

But it was: Notre Dame caught erratic Southern Cal on an up week and, despite Joe Theismann's aerial heroics, had a perfect season no longer

John McKay's week had begun in the gloom of Southern California's 45-20 loss to UCLA. The slight, white-haired coach looked as if his world had ended. In the dressing room his face was blank, his cigar unlit. Behind lay four defeats and a tie for a team that should have been one of the best in all college football. Ahead lay undefeated Notre Dame, favored by nearly two touchdowns to give McKay the *coup de grâce*. To optimists who brought up the narrow margins by which Notre Dame had scored its most recent victories over Georgia Tech and LSU, McKay said, "Of course, Notre Dame isn't as good as everybody says they are. They're better than that."

To a photographer who arrived on Tuesday for a shooting date, McKay said, "Why don't you go across town

and shoot Tom Prothro. No one wants me after that loss."

When the Trojan offensive guards failed to boom the defensive unit out in practice, McKay charged at them. He made like a blocker—all 160 pounds of him. "This is how you do it," he yelled.

McKay woke up Saturday staring at black clouds and a bit of mist and listening to a forecast of driving rain by midmorning. It was still only misting several hours later when he walked over to chat with Art Parseghian as SC and the Irish awaited their TV introductions, but rain was falling as the Irish took the kickoff—and then drove 80 yards to a touchdown in 12 plays.

With McKay nervously prowling the sidelines, Troy took its first shot. Clarence Davis went up the gut. Then a

swing pass to Charlie Evans got 19. SC kept moving and finally Davis slashed through Notre Dame's Bob Norder on the goal line to score. Troy was even, and then suddenly ahead after shucking the Irish and marching 51 yards. McKay lost some of his I orest, Lawn look.

"Speed's the difference," said a scout sitting up in the press box close to Arkansas' Frank Broyles and Texas' Darrell Royal, one of whom will take on the Irish in the Cotton Bowl. "Speed's on the Trojans' side."

Royal thought maybe emotion was the difference. "It can close an unbelievable gap," he said. "When that adrenaline flows you get there faster, you jump higher, you dive deeper and you even come up dryer."

Some tender California fans ducked out of the rain before the quarter ended and missed Troy's third touchdown—a brilliant, you might say emotional, catch by Sam Dickerson of a 45-yard bomb from Quarterback Jimmy Jones. It was down in "Dickerson corner," the northwest slice of the Coliseum field where almost a year before a similar catch had blown Dennis Dunsen and UCLA out of the Rose Bowl picture. Now John McKay and Co. began soaring to a high that hasn't ended yet, for they not only went on to defeat the Irish 38-28 but did so despite an astonishing show by Joe Theismann: 33 completions in 58 attempts for 526 yards.

Sadly for Theismann, SC picked off four of his passes and, more damaging, got two quick, cheap third-quarter touchdowns—one on a fumble in the end zone by Joe, another when SC Tackle Pete Adams plopped on teammate Mike Berry's fumble. Berry's came first. The ball slithered around for seconds among Irish defenders before Adams cuddled it to his belly in the end zone, and after Theismann's fumble Notre Dame needed miracles. They were not forthcoming, although the Irish scored twice more.

McKay shuddered at what might have happened if it had been dry, if Theismann had had a field to his liking. As it was, the skinny senior's passing performance in Saturday's deluge was fabulous. It would have been fabulous in any weather. Theismann's yardage was only 28 off the NCAA single-game record established by Greg Cook of Cin-

Continued

OUTSTRETCHED IRISH ARMS GRAB ONLY AIR AS CLARENCE DAVIS SCORES FOR USC

Give-n'-Take Slacks from Sears.

They stay comfortable even when you don't.

Bending and stretching only add up right
you ought to be wearing Give-n'-Take
Slacks. They're made from a blend of
Troxel's polyester, Antron rayon and
Stretchablon Lycra fibers. Antron means
more when you're bending and stretch-
ing do. Give-n'-Take Slacks.

Wash from cold to hot. Machine dry
on a low heat. Press a Permasteam. That's a
comfort fit. Be comfortable with each of
Sears' Give-n'-Take Slacks. They're made
from when they're made. A good and
comfortable. Take a look at the Give-n'-Take
Slacks. From n' Take. Troxel's polyester
or Fast Cut. At Sears. Give-n'-Take
Co. is designed in the clothing. Give-n'-Take
Slacks. They're made. A good and
comfortable. At Sears. Give-n'-Take.



Ask for a free copy of the
"Mark of Fashion" booklet at a
Sears Men's Store near you.

Sears

The Men's Store

SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER



The top half of the advertisement features a man and a woman in an antique shop. The woman, with blonde hair, is wearing a white blouse and a green patterned scarf. The man, with dark hair, is wearing a light blue sweater. They are both looking at a large, ornate, floral-patterned bowl that the woman is holding. The shop is filled with various antique items, including a large wooden wheel on the left, a clock on the right, and a sign that reads "SWAN" in the background. The lighting is warm and focused on the couple and the bowl.

They want an authentic
Rose Medallion bowl.
And they can't be fooled.
They'll stop in every
little offbeat antique shop
until they find it.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.



The bottom left of the advertisement shows two packs of Viceroy cigarettes. The pack on the left is white with a red band and a gold medallion. The pack on the right is also white with a red band and a gold medallion. Both packs have the word "VICEROY" printed on them. The background of the bottom half is dark and textured.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

cinema against Ohio U. in 1968. It was the heaviest aerial attack in Troy's history, obliterating the record of 401 yards set by Ron VanderKelen of Wisconsin in the 1963 Rose Bowl game. It also shattered the Irish game mark of 366 by Terry Hanratty against Purdue in 1967.

"I don't know how he did it," said a disbelieving Jimmy Jones when told of Theismann's yardage. "There were times in the second half when all I'd have was a handful of mud after the snap."

"It was pretty sloppy," admitted Theismann himself. "I guess the one thing that made it possible was the turf. It was in fine condition. That helped."

But, as Joe noted, not enough to overcome "some horrible offensive mistakes." He said, "I made a big one, that fumble in the end zone. That cost us the ball game. But I have no excuses. They beat us. They beat us bad. If we could have sustained our running game [the Irish netted only 31 yards rushing], we'd have been in there. In the Cotton Bowl we'll have to be like the Trojans were today."

Parseghian, totally soaked, was totally distraught as well. "It doesn't matter if you lose by one point or 40," he said. "What happened was just what I feared after a review of their films. They caught the football. They didn't make the mistakes they had been making. They didn't get the penalties they'd had."

Over in USC's locker room John McKay, jittery now, strode toward the shower sans all but his mud-soaked shoes and a fat cigar. "Well," he said, "it makes the winter livable."

THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. ARKANSAS (9-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (8-3)

As Darrell Royal looked over his Texas Longhorns following their 52-14 Thanksgiving Day victory over Texas A&M—their 29th straight—he must have felt like he was standing in a hospital ward. Not since the Alamo have so many wounded Texans been on the same team. Most notable on the in-

jured list were: Quarterback Eddie Phillips (bruised knee); Defensive End Bill Ateas (pulled hamstring); Fullback Steve Worster (tom rib cartilage, hip-pointer). Even the placekicker, Happy Feller, had unhappily sprained a knee during practice. And Texas plays Arkansas on Saturday. "I've never had anything take the wind out of my sails after a nice victory like our medical report did," said Royal.

Phillips guided the Longhorns to touchdowns on their first three possessions, then gave way to Donnie Wiggmon, who scored two TDs in the second half and completed three of five passes for 69 yards. Worster carried only twice for 10 yards before having to leave the game, so Texas' running attack was led by Jim Bertelsen with 66 yards on nine carries. The loss was the ninth straight for the Aggies, but their schedule was perhaps the toughest in the country. They have played five teams in the top eight (LSU, Ohio State, Michigan, Arkansas and Texas), which have a combined win-loss record of 44-4.

In Coach Fred Taylor's last game Texas Christian upset Southern Methodist 26-17. "I tried to tell our kids that if the TCU team had any respect for Taylor, they were going to play their hearts out," said SMU's Hayden Fry. The Horned Frogs did just that, but they also had help from SMU Quarterback Chuck Hixon, whose overthrown passes cost SMU at least two touchdowns. "That's the story of my career," said Hixon, the Southwest's alltime top passer statistically. "Sometimes we didn't and sometimes we did. All I want to do is go high in the draft and start over."

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. NEBRASKA (10-0-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (9-1)

Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks had only one complaint about his team's 66-6 rout of Oklahoma State: his cigarettes got wet when his players threw him in the shower. Otherwise, the Sooners performed flawlessly. Said Fairbanks, "I'm proud of the way we progressed from the first of the season to today, when we had our best game."

As usual the Sooners won on the ground, rushing 84 times for 519 yards. Sophomores Greg Pruitt and Joe Wylie gained 116 and 105 yards, respectively, while playing less than a half. Wylie, who did not become a starter until midseason, came within 16 yards of gaining 1,000 for the year. Sooner fans think of him as a Steve Owens with speed. "Oklahoma is the fastest team we've played all year," said State's Dick Graham. "And they don't make mistakes."

At Wichita there were jumps in throats in the Wichita State Shockers, the team which lost 14 players in a plane crash, jumped ahead of favored Louisville 17-0. They still led 24-21 in the third period after Jack Fisher's 88-yard punt return, but then Coach Lee Corso's Cardinals asserted their superior manpower. Quarterback John Madeya threw a 35-yard TD pass to Flanker Gary Barnes in the opening minute of the final period and Louisville never again trailed. The Cardinals' final 34-24 score kept alive Madeya's record of never having started in a losing game. Louisville is 6-0 behind Madeya, whose first start gave the Cardinals their only win in the first four games. His next chance will come against highly regarded Long Beach State in the Pasadena Bowl on Dec. 19.

EAST

1. DARTMOUTH (9-0)
2. PENN STATE (7-3)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (8-2)

Noteven the Pentagon could deny that Army and Navy had two of the nation's really poor football teams. Heading into their game last week in Philadelphia, Army was 1-8-1 and Navy 1-9, and wait till Ralph Nader hears that the price of a ticket was \$8.50. For the first time in 25 years the game was not a sellout, a fact the military decided not to emphasize. "It would look bad," said the Navy athletic director, Captain J.O. Coppedge, while his Army counterpart, Colonel Gus Dickens, remarked, "All I know is that we had a sellout last year."

Still the affair drew 95,151 to John F. Kennedy Stadium and the fans almost got their money's worth—thanks only in part to Army and Navy. An additional attraction was the sudden pregame appearance of a certain Miss Karen LaGota. Wearing a mini-bikini, Miss LaGota charged onto the field during the coin toss and planted kisses on the surprised faces of the team captains. Her ensuing analysis may set Army recruiting back 100 years. "The Army captain didn't like it," she reported, "but the Navy captain loved it."

For those who do not care who wins or loses but how the game is played, it was not all that bad. After Army took a 7-0 lead, the Midgies' Bob Eillen broke loose for a 49-yard touchdown and Navy edged ahead 8-7 on Mike McNallen's two point conversion pass to Karl Schweim. Roger Lanning kicked a 33-yard field goal to round out Navy's 11-7 upset victory.

Early in the game Navy hardly looked like a winner. Although Mark Schickner intercepted three passes thrown by Army's sophomore Quarterback Dick Atha in the

continued

He plays croquet with
a polo mallet. He
practices yoga.
He's a lover at
BIG LEAGUE
BASEBALL*
Should he
spend
less
time with
yoga and
more with Yogi?

She's a gold medal winner at the
skam. She
drinks rata-
baga juice.
She plays
BLUE
LINE
HOCKEY*
with her coach.
Will lunquat
milk shakes
improve her game?

He jogs 15 miles a day.
He goes home every
noon for lunch. He's
never lost a
round of
THINKING
MAN'S
GOLF*
Should he
let his boss
win the next game?

*These are just a few of 26 exciting "3M" Brand Games. So, if you've got 26 friends, you've got a gift for each of them. "3M" Games help friends forget their hang-ups. Of course, they're ideal for normal, ordinary people like yourself, too. The ones featured above are "3M Sports Games. But you can also choose from many "3M" Bookshelf Games or new "3M" Gamettes. For thinking adults and alert youngsters. Who's your nearest dealer? Dial 800-243-6000. Free. In Connecticut, 800-942-0655.

© 1993 3M COMPANY



first half, the Muddys failed to capitalize. They fumbled with third and goal at the Army three; they blew a handoff at the Cadets' 28; and they failed to score after getting first and goal at Army's one with 17 seconds left in the half.

In what has been to be known around Boston as the Jesus Bowl, Boston College thumped Holy Cross 54-0. BC Quarterback Frank Harris completed 18 of 20 passes for 229 yards and four touchdowns—three of them to Flanker George Gill—and won the Eddie O'Melia Award, given annually to the game's outstanding player. His halfback, Fred Willis, contributed 96 yards on 24 carries, had five catches and scored twice.

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (9-1)
2. LSU (8-2)
3. AUBURN (8-2)

There was good news for those folks who are sick and tired of seeing the bowls loaded up with teams from the Southeastern Conference. Miami's 14-13 upset of Florida knocked the Gators out of the Liberty Bowl, while Georgia Tech's 17-7 victory over Georgia kept the Bulldogs out of the Peach. The latter promptly invited North Carolina (8-3), which is coached by Bill Dooley, younger brother of Georgia Coach Vince Dooley and a former Bulldog assistant. Said Vince, "I guess of Bill getting to go to a bowl is the only consolation about us losing."

Of course Georgia, with only a 5-4 record, had no business being in a bowl in the first place, and the same might be said of Alabama and Ole Miss. The Crimson Tide fought the good fight against Auburn but blew a 17-0 lead and lost 33-28, on fifth setback in 11 games and hardly the sort of record to merit a berth even in the Astro Bluebonnet Bowl. And Ole Miss, which will meet Auburn in the Gator Bowl, was upset by Mississippi State 19-14, for a 7-2 record overall but only 0-2 within the state (Has anybody forgotten the Rebels' loss to Southern Mississippi?). It should be remembered, however, that Ole Miss has played its last two games without Archie Manning. His broken left arm has now been put in a special cast and the word is that Archie will play against Louisiana State this Saturday in Baton Rouge.

LSU, one of the SEC's three legitimate bowl teams if the Tigers beat Ole Miss this week, came back from its narrow loss to Notre Dame to defeat Tulane 26-14. The Greenies put up surprisingly stiff resistance but were victims of their own mistakes. Tulane fumbled at each 10-yard line and LSU turned both recoveries into touchdowns. An interception and a bad snap from center on

a punt led to two more LSU touchdowns. Nevertheless, there was some satisfaction for Tulane. David Abercrombie's one-foot plunge with 5:58 left in the game was the first rushing touchdown allowed by LSU in 13 straight games. And afterward the Greenies were rewarded for their 7-4 record with an invitation to the Liberty Bowl.

At Birmingham, Auburn and Alabama were tied at 17 heading into the final period. The Tide took a 28-27 lead with 5:18 left when Quarterback Scott Hunter passed 54 yards to George Ranager for a TD, then to David Bailey for a two-point conversion, but Auburn needed only four plays to regain the lead on Wallace Clark's run from the three. Then the Tigers' defense held on to preserve the win. Quarterback Pat Sullivan hit on 22 of 38 passes for 317 yards, including nine completions to Split End Terry Beasley.

The SEC's best team, Tennessee, methodically chewed up Vanderbilt 24-6. The Vols' 381 yards in total offense gave them a school record of 3,949 for the season. And Tennessee's secondary intercepted four passes—two by Bobby Majors—for a season total of 35, a conference record.

A funny thing happened in Tampa. Not Houston's 53-21 win over Florida State after trailing 21-12, although that was some laughter. When Houston's Nick Holm intercepted a pass at the Houston 25 and took off down the sideline in front of the Florida State bench, it was too much for State's Dan Whitehurst, a sophomore linebacker. He came off the bench to stick out a foot and trip Holm at the 50. The officials penalized State 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct. This is something of an improvement for Whitehurst. When he did the same thing in high school, the opposition was awarded a touchdown.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (9-0)
2. AIR FORCE (9-2)
3. STANFORD (8-3)

Apart from Southern Cal's upset of Notre Dame, the big news out West was that Stanford's Jim Plunkett was named the 36th winner of the Heisman Memorial Trophy Award, that oversized bronze paperweight given annually to the young man who is supposed to be the best college football player in the country. When the telephone call came from President John Ott of New York's Downtown Athletic Club, sponsor of the trophy, Plunkett consentingly happened to be in midtown Manhattan in the studios of ABC, taping a segment of the Kodak All-America show. His reply will not be engraved in granite, but then he didn't break

down and cry, either, the way Oklahoma's Steve Owens did last year.

"Gee," stated Plunkett. "That's great." Exactly 1,059 newsmen cast ballots and, somewhat surprisingly, Plunkett was an easy winner with 2,229 points (510 first-place votes, 285 for second and 129 for third). The runner-up, Notre Dame's Joe Theismann, had 1,410 points, while Mississippi's Archie Manning got 849 and Texas' Steve Worster 398.

Postelection analysis revealed that the usual regional chauvinism was absent: Plunkett topped the ballot in four sections and tied Manning in the South. On the other hand, the voting reinforced the widespread belief that the Heisman is an award for the nation's best offensive back. Of the top 14 vote-getters, only one—Ohio State's Jack Tatum—is a defensive player and he finished a well-beaten seventh. No interior offensive linemen were listed, and Air Force's Ernie Jennings and Notre Dame's Tom Gateswood were the only receivers.

There are too many offensive backs partly because there are too many voters. Many of the latter see very little football; obviously their list of candidates begins and ends

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Notre Dame Quarterback Joe Theismann had one of his best days in the 18-28 loss to Southern Cal. Despite a steady run, Theismann completed 33 of 58 passes for a whopping 526 yards and two touchdowns.

THE LINEMAN: Willie Hall, an end on Southern Cal's defensive line, the "Wild Bunch," did a little of everything against Notre Dame. Hall made 10 tackles, deflected two passes and also caused a touchdown-producing fumble.

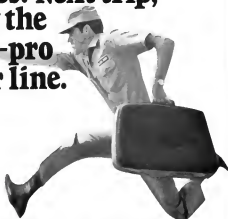
with the glamour positions. A few hundred selectors, or better, a few dozen—men actually on the beat—would vote more judiciously. Another thing, the ballots are cast too early. This season many were in before Plunkett's last two games, both losses. Obviously the outcome might be different if the voting took place after the season.

But for all their inadequacies and their unseemly haste, the Heisman voters have named a deserving winner. Plunkett has set many game, school and national records, the most impressive being his NCAA career mark for total offense—7,887 yards. And he made big plays in big games—against Southern Cal, Arkansas and UCLA. Now, of course, there is one more challenge for Plunkett before he joins the pros, possibly as the No. 1 draft choice. He faces Tatum and the rest of Ohio State's murderous defense in the Rose Bowl. **END**

Give the martini drinker something extra.
Seagram's Extra Dry.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

**Delta is an
air line run by
professionals. Like
George Roland.
He has the wind,
legs, speed, drive
and desire to beat
you from plane to
baggage claim
area—and usually
does! Next trip,
fly the
all-pro
air line.**



**Delta is ready
when you are.**

BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A case of bucking the system

More bidding systems were put into play during the three weeks of world championship bridge competition in Stockholm last June than there are nations represented in the World Bridge Federation. And the number of new systems being devised today is increasing even more rapidly than the roster of the WBF, which is growing quite nicely, thank you.

It is obviously ridiculous, for instance, to refer to "the Italian system," as if there were only one. The old Blue Team itself played no fewer than three (the Neapolitan Club, Roman Club and Little Roman Club), and there are at least two more—the Leghorn Diamond and Marmac (now regarded as obsolete but a forerunner of the Roman Club).

There also is a tendency among systems makers to use an artificial one-club opening bid to show a big hand (how strong the hand must be and what follows thereafter varies widely according to the system used). But it would seem that most systems are only as good as the hands that best suit them—and they don't come along that often.

One such hand did turn up in Stockholm, however, and it resulted in a double-game swing worth 14 international match points to Norway in the only match the Dallas Aces lost on their way to the Bermuda Bowl. One of the Norwegian pairs was playing EFOS (short for Economical Forcing System), which incorporates several ideas from its distant relative, the Marmac system.

The diagram on the next page shows the bidding in the open room, where a Norwegian pair not playing EFOS was

sitting North-South. South's one-spade bid was natural; West overcalled with two hearts and North responded two spades. When East jumped to four hearts, South continued to four spades. One can hardly blame East for doubling. In view of his partner's overcall, the progress of the auction and his own high-card strength, it certainly seemed as though the Norwegians were taking a save. In fact, the contract could have been defeated if West had chosen the unlikely lead of the ace of spades before leading a heart to East's ace. Then East could have continued trumps and, when he got back in with a high club, led a third trump to deprive South of a vital second club ruff in dummy.

With the normal opening lead of the 4 of hearts, however, East's spade shift at the second trick came too late to do the defense any good. South ruffed West's heart continuation and then surrendered a club. East could lead a second trump but two trumps remained in dummy to take care of declarer's club

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*

NORTH			
♠	K 5 7 3		
♥	10 6 5 2		
♦	9 6 4 2		
♣	J		
WEST			
♠	A	5 4 2	
♥	K J 7 4 3		
♦	J 10		
♣	Q 10 7 5 4		
EAST			
♠	5 4 2		
♥	A Q 8		
♦	7 5 3		
♣	A K 8 3		
NORTH			
♠	Q J 10 8 6		
♥	9		
♦	A K Q 8		
♣	9 6 2		
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	J♥	2♠	4♥
4♠	PASS	PASS	DBL.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead, 4 of hearts

losers. The contract was made for +590 to Norway.

In the closed room a Marmic bid on the same deal by the Norwegian East-West pair playing EFOS spelled more trouble

for the Aces. Following South's one-spade opening, West bid two spades—a kind of weak two-suited takeout double showing hearts and a minor suit. North tried to use up some communications space by raising to three spades, but West had already gotten his message across. East first raised to four hearts, then when South went on to four spades he bid five clubs thinking that this might be his partner's second suit.

It was. After everyone had passed, the Aces started off by grabbing a couple of diamond tricks, but that was the beginning and the end for the defense. Declarer won the spade shift, drew trumps and claimed the rest of the tricks. The Norwegians gained 400 points for a total of 990 for the deal, which put them in a commanding position in a match they eventually won by 21 IMPs.

Does this mean that I recommend the EFOS or Marmic systems? Not unless you happen to be holding the singleton ace of spades, five hearts to the king-jack, etc., etc. **END**



Stop wishing you could. You can with a Canon.

A Canon 35mm system camera makes even the toughest shots easy.

Three Canon models (the PT-QL, Pelix QL and TL-QL) have incredibly accurate through-the-lens spotmetering for precise readings in every lighting situation. What's more, they all give you fast microprism focusing and Canon's exclusive QL (quick-loading) feature that lets you load film in seconds without threading or fumbling.

Most important, all three cameras are backed by our complete system of professional-quality interchangeable lenses and accessories.

A franchised Bell & Howell/Canon dealer can get you started.

Canon

Canon cameras, made in Japan, come by arrangement through Bell & Howell to U.S. dealers.

BELL & HOWELL

Now thinking





Authentic.

Athole Brose to you.

Athole is a small town in the craggy mountains near Perth, Scotland.

Brose is the Scottish word for brew.

Athole Brose is a Scotch drink concocted many years ago to warm the festive soul on important occasions such as St. Andrew's Day (Scotland's patron Saint), Christmas and Hogmanay, or New Year's Eve.

- 1 cup honey (preferably
heather honey from Scotland)
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups heavy sweet cream
- 2 cups Dewar's "White Label"
Scotch Whisky

Heat honey, and when it thins slightly, stir in cream. Heat together, but do not boil. Remove from heat and slowly stir in whisky. Athole Brose may be served hot or chilled. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (If you would like even a little more touch of Scotland, soak 1 cup oatmeal in two cups water overnight. Strain and mix liquid with other ingredients.)

Athole Brose made with Dewar's "White Label" is a warm and sturdy brew. Against the cold of the winter months it will bring good cheer. And as happens with many things at this time of year, its long, authentic history seems to add a little comfort to the holiday season.

DEWAR'S "White Label"



*Give the Scotch
that never varies*

It's only a transitory analogy

Frank Shorter, the ex-Yale, ex-med student, ex-also-ran, adds the AAU championship to his laurels—without sacrificing the Elliott Gould touch

Beautiful, Frank Shorter. Here you come, sloshing down this long straight at Washington Park in Chicago last Saturday afternoon, at the end of a muddy 10,000 meters in the cold and the wind, a good furlong ahead of everyone and winning the National AAU cross-country championship, and still, for all the world, you look like nothing more than a Madison Avenue art director warming up for a Sunday morning touch football game. Well, look at you. There's all of what you call your artsy-craftsy hair exploding every which way from under that Indian headband. And there's your Elliott Gould mustache, the droplets of saliva hanging from it turning into crystals of ice. And this is without the panty hose you wore to ward off the cold when you won the USTF cross-country championship at Penn State three days earlier.

Sorry, Frank. Despite your contention that it's "only a transitory analogy," since the movie is now a year old, you're still "the pro from Dover," as Gould airily informed the operating room nurse in *M*A*S*H*. Remember what you said last June after you won the AAU three-mile run? "Everyone's always trying to hassle you with rules. They say, 'No, no, not that way. Do it my way.' I say I'm good. I'll do it the way I want."

And what is that you say about your image? "The people who'll get upset about it, I don't care about them. They need to be shook up a little anyway. And the people I do care about, it just doesn't bother them." Beautiful.

The night before the cross-country race Frank Shorter, the likely favorite in a field of 239, sat in That Steak Joint, on the edge of Chicago's Old Town.

"Did you ever feel you'd get this far?" he was asked.

"No, never," he said.

"Has it changed you?"

A circumspect man, Shorter thought a moment before answering. "You can figure it out," he said. "I've been training hard for, well, less than a year now, and I'm finding myself getting too serious over it. All this talk is just an attempt to deal with the new pressures of being the favorite. The fact that I have to intellectualize so much about my attitudes and work out all these elaborate schemes is just an effort on my part to deal with the changes."

That he is in a position to deal with them at all is as unlikely a story as the man himself. A year and a half ago Frank Shorter was the alltime record-holding second-place finisher at IC4A and Heptagonal championships. He even was having trouble winning in Harvard-Yale dual meets. Then in May 1969, his studies as a psychology major at Yale completed, Shorter began two-a-day workouts for the first time in his life. "Curiosity," he says now, "I figured I had nothing to lose." Three weeks later he clocked himself for six miles and found his time was better than any collegian's that year. He flew to Knoxville and a week later was the NCAA six-mile champion.

That fall he spent eight weeks in medical school at the University of New Mexico, before giving it up in favor of cross-country and downhill skiing in Denver and finally just bumming around Taos, N. Mex., where his father practices medicine. It was only last March that Frank Shorter moved to Gainesville, Fla., joined Jack Bachele, the 6' 6½" entomologist, on the Florida Track Club and resumed his running career in earnest. "It became a matter of singular concentration, discipline, monomania," Shorter says. "I had to zero in on one thing. I had to make it so nothing else mattered. A distance runner always knows how good he is because he knows



the distances he runs, the strength he has. He can't hide anything from himself. He always has the feeling of 'if I worked harder I could have been.'

I just made up my mind to work, and see how good I could be. I didn't want to quit and say for the rest of my life, 'Well, maybe I could have been.'

This soliloquy is as philosophical as Shorter will get, he prefers to define himself through his actions. "Oh, I could sit here and put labels on my attitude," he says, "start throwing terms around, but that would be quite phony, as bad as putting labels on anything. I remember a parody put out by a Yale humor magazine. It listed one of the requirements for a degree as being able to talk at a cocktail party for two hours, entertainingly but superficially, about your major. To sit here and psychoanalyze my running would be just as superficial."

Yet even with the limited recognition that has come with his success—most notably a double in the AAU and the upset win in the 10,000 in Leningrad (SI, Aug. 3)—last summer—Shorter feels that he may be getting too monomaniacal. Though he has moved to Boulder and is now a grader in the University of Colorado business school, he plans to start law school at Florida in March, as much for diversion as for a degree.

"I'm becoming sort of anxious to get back to school," he admits. "I'm concentrating too much on running. It's such

continued

For the first time: The TV set that operates like a portable radio ...on "D" cell batteries.

Hitachi introduces the ultra-portable portable. The IU-54 works just like a radio on 12 rechargeable, self-contained, alkaline "D" cell batteries. Also plays on AC, or a 12V battery in your car or boat.

Our battery signal warns you when the power is running low. Built-in recharger included. No battery packs to bother with.

Anywhere you can enjoy the 9" (diagonal) black and white picture. No glare, thanks to our black filter.

It's All-Transistor TV. 100% solid state. No tubes but the picture tube. Lasts longer. With fewer repairs.

Hitachi gives you the little extra. In our TV And in our Warranty* Only \$149.95*, including the 12 rechargeable batteries. See your Hitachi dealer—and you'll see how portable a portable can be.

*Hitachi Extended TV Warranty. 3 years on 11 months, 2 years on other parts. 2 years on the picture tube. Free labor for an entire year. Call your 800 days. Carry-in service at Hitachi-authorized service centers and branches.

*Suggested list price. For more facts about Hitachi products, write: Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, Dept. P-8, 46-50 34th St., Long Island City, NY 11101.



Quality electronics first at
HITACHI

a temporary thing. Before I did it because I wanted to do well. Now I'm concerned that I'm getting upset at the chance of losing. I want to think of other things. When I'm fast for the indoor season I hope I can sneak up to Stowe and do a little skiing.

"I want to do well, but it can't be the end-all. I don't consider that fatalistic, but realistic. Maybe there is a lack of self-confidence to a certain degree, a tempered confidence. In a way you scare yourself into doing well."

There was little in scare Shorter last Saturday. Steve Prefontaine, the University of Oregon sophomore who had won the NCAA cross-country championship five days earlier, was back in Eugene because, as his coach, Bill Bowerman, explained, "Our theory around here in the fall is not to run the horse until all the races are out of him." But for Shorter, the AAU was the big race. He had trained for it by running 125 miles a week at Boulder's 5,350-foot altitude and, despite his nervousness, he was never really threatened. He had a narrow lead at the mile, was 20 yards ahead at two miles, 100 at three and lengthened from there. "Easy, easy," Shorter said later. "I just set my own tempo, and when they let me do that I'm happy. I never like to think I have it won, but I knew no one was going to make up 30 seconds on me in the last mile." As he splashed down the final straight, Shorter turned to wave encouragement to teammate Bucheler, in second place, then finished in 30:15.7, with Bucheler 28 seconds behind.

So Frank Shorter carries on. "I know the work I've done," he says, "and I know the results I can hope for. The guy who stands there and says that this is some kind of joke, that I'm putting it over on them, is some kind of character actor a director picks up off a street corner. There's no way I could fool myself into thinking that way. Like, do you remember when those guys in *Apocalypse Now* walked into the operating room wearing plaid pants and knickers and carrying golf clubs? The nurse went crazy and told them they couldn't go in. They knew what they were doing, so they casually walked by, introduced themselves as 'the pro from Dover and my favorite cad-die' and did the operation. It was successful, and no one could deny them. That was great."

No, Frank. Beautiful.

END



We'll never forget the Edsel.

If you drive a 1959 Edsel Ranger into a gas station looking for a new muffler, you'll get a lot of laughs.

If you drive a 1959 Edsel Ranger into a Midas Shop looking for a new muffler, you'll get a new muffler.

There's a very simple reason for this situation.

Gas stations handle mufflers as a sideline.

At Midas, we do it for a living.

So we make a point of having an exhaust system for almost any kind of car you're driving.

At last count, we were making mufflers and pipes for 1,770 different car models.

What's more, we don't waste your time. We're geared to install a muffler on any car made in America in 30 minutes. Or less.

We make sure the job is done right. Our people are trained exhaust system mechanics.

They're so good that we offer this guarantee:

If anything goes wrong with a Midas

Muffler we install, we'll replace it for just a service charge.

The guarantee is good on any car made in America, and it lasts as long as you own the car.

Finally, since we don't charge for installation, our price is usually lower. Just look us up in the Yellow Pages and check our estimate against the gas stations in your neighborhood.

Why are we making such a fuss about all this?

Last time we checked, there were 211,747 gas stations in the United States.

Right now, there are only 564 Midas Shops in the country.

With odds like that against us, the only way we can get your business is to do a better job.

Midas

We install mufflers for a living.
We have to do a better job.

For the Midas Shop nearest you, call 800 243-6000 (In Conn., 800-942-0655). No charge for the call.



THE WORLD'S FINEST PADDLE COURT. REALLY? NO, REILLY.

LEADERSHIP. Richard J. Reilly, Jr., Inc. builds more courts than all other companies combined. Nearly every major platform tennis championship in the past five years has been played on Reilly courts.

QUALITY. Top grade materials, meticulous workmanship and innovative design. Examples: our patented thirty foot deck members hinged snow boards reinforced with aluminum channels and our all new, all aluminum court for years of low maintenance play.

FREE BROCHURE. If you, your club, your school, ski center, town recreational center or company are thinking of installing a platform tennis court, we'll be pleased to send you our brochure "The Game of Platform Tennis." It's free. Really.

RJR

Richard J. Reilly, Jr., Inc.
1002 High Ridge Road
Stamford, Connecticut 06905
Telephone: (203) 329-0861



My name is _____
I am interested in _____
Please send me your brochure _____
My address is _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

RUGBY / Dan Levin

Farewell and come back, Fiji

The South Pacific is peopled with neisms, Poly, Macro and Mela, and off in its northwest corner is Fiji, a melting pot for them all. The pot cliché is especially apt, because not too long ago Fijians were still dining on one another, but now they joke about all that. In fact, a group of Fijian sports who were in the United States last week preferred to talk about rugby, which is much more civilized and only slightly less gentle. The Fijians are quite good at rugby. Last June they scored 500 points in five matches at the South Pacific Games, which is something like Georgia Tech beating Cumberland 222-0 five times in a row.

The United States? Well, the game is played here, too, but not very much and supposedly not very well. Still, the Metropolitan New York Rugby Union All-Stars wanted a match with the Fiji National Team, which was on a world tour, and the Fijians obliged, the first national rugby side ever to do so. Once the match was struck, however, the New Yorkers began to visualize the Fijians as the world's hugest people. Though they knew nothing of Fijian history their fears were unintentionally tinged with sick humor. "They'll eat us alive," was the word around Manhattan's East Side

rugby bars, where bandages and bruises run a close second to beer and booze.

The night before the game New York's O'Mahoneys, Donellis and Gustafsons hosted the Nautabalavus, Baibrisagas and Tokairavus at a welcome dinner. Some of the Fijians were statuesque, their features and impassive stares bore a startling resemblance to those of the famous Easter Island monoliths, and at first they were hardly more animated. Then someone mentioned rugby, the magic word, and suddenly the Fijians were articulate, engaging guests.

"Nice *hola*," they kept saying when a waitress passed through the room. In Fiji, *hola* is a slang term for girl. Many of the visitors had blue parallel marks tattooed on their wrists, "to keep demons away," said Sela Toga, the team captain. "My grandfather put them on me when I was a boy," he said, smiling, "but none of us really believe in them anymore." All had attended English-language schools in Fiji, a British colony until recently, and both sides agreed that should New York make a respectable showing, oh, say a 49-3 loss, then other world rugby powers would soon be stopping by for a game or two.

Next day was the coldest of the fall. It was 32° at noon, and the game was

continued



NEW YORKERS (LEFT) AND FIJIANS FORM A LINE-OUT FOR A QUICK INBOUNDS THROW

Capri for 1971.

The first sexy European under \$2400.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Does not include transportation charges, dealer preparation, if any, state and local taxes.

There used to be two kinds of imports. Beautiful, sporty and expensive; or plain, dull and inexpensive. Now there's something better than either: it's beautiful and inexpensive. It's Europe's biggest success car in years, and now it's imported for Lincoln-Mercury in limited quantities. Compare it to other imports or new small cars:

Capri offers an extravagant collection of exciting features as standard equipment. Features that are usually optional. Radial tires. Styled steel wheels. Soft vinyl front buckets. Luxurious carpeting. A European-type instrument panel with wood grain effect. Flow-thru ventilation.

Sound unfamiliar for a low-priced car? It is.

And there's still more that's standard. Lots of room for four big adults. Easy maintenance (with lots of do-it-yourself tips in the owner's manual). Power disc brakes up front. Four-speed synchromesh transmission. And small car gas economy.



There's only one word for it. Sexy. And that's unheard of at less than \$2400. Until now.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.



Capri Sport Coupe.

LINCOLN · MERCURY



HOW TO MAKE OR BREAK A DAIQUIRI.



The Daiquiri.

Such a treat for the tongue when it is well made. Such a syrupy flop when it isn't. Because it takes more than good intentions to make a good Daiquiri.

Some rums, you see, are much too heavy and syrupy for the Daiquiri.

Puerto Rican Rums, on the other hand, are light and clear and dry. And, because they are aged and charcoal filtered for smoothness, they impart a mellow flavor to the Daiquiri.

Yet even these fine rums must be mixed in the correct proportions to make a perfect Daiquiri: to 1½ oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum, add ½ oz. lime juice and 1 scant teaspoon of sugar (or ½ oz. of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix). Shake with ice. Or serve on the rocks with a little extra rum. (Which is the way most men like their Daiquiris.)

Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

*A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.*

to be at night in Downing Stadium on windswept Randall's Island in the East River. In Fiji when it drops to 60° they start worrying about a return of the Ice Age, and some of the visitors were wearing overcoats for the first time in their lives. Rugby, of course, is played in shorts, and at game time it was 27° with a 15-mile-an-hour wind. Many of the 1,500 at the game wondered how all this would affect the Fijians' spectacular passing game. Even so, few gave New York a chance.

"They must be bluffing," someone said after a scoreless 10 minutes and a slow Fijian start. Then suddenly New York's Art Sprinkel grabbed the ball at midfield and took it 35 yards down the sideline. There were a few lateral passes and Joe Cody took it over for a try, the rugby equivalent of a touchdown, and New York led 3-0.

Sprinkel is a fourth-year medical student at Columbia, and unlike most of the Americans, who are former college football players, his sport was basketball. This seems to give him an advantage. Forward passing is illegal in rugby, and Sprinkel always appears to know where to locate a receiver. "In football you look ahead," his teammate Ed Malmstrom explained, "and you try to set up your blockers. In rugby you've got to know who's behind you."

A few minutes later New York's Geoff Clarke, an accountant from Cornwall, England, got a three-point penalty kick, and no one believed it but there it was: New York 6, Fiji 0.

"Any minute they'll destroy us," a New York fan said, almost as Josateki Radrodri, a Fijian government clerk, burst down the sidelines for a try, and it was 6-3. Then Nasivi Ravuvou, a sugarcane farmer like many of his teammates, spurred 50 yards for another try. He converted, and when the 40-minute half had ended it was 8-6 Fiji.

Earlier, New York's John Barnes had made a prophetic remark: "They'll beat us by a lot with their passing," he said, "or we'll win by a little." Fiji did not forget its passing game; it just didn't work in the Ice Age.

"I've never seen so many white jerseys all together," said John Tate, a selector of the New York team. "Whenever one Fijian gets the ball, the whole team is lined out behind him ready to receive." And Fiji did flip the ball around like popping corn, but nearly

all its rallies ended with the ball bouncing off frigid fingers. Fiji also had far greater speed than New York, but this was somewhat neutralized by harder American tackling, learned in football, and in New York's rugged, close-in play in the scrumdowns, rugby's most familiar formation.

In a scrumdown the ball is thrown on the ground in the midst of a huddle of eight forwards from each side. The forwards use their feet to pass the ball out to the waiting backs. They are very strange sights for the newcomer to rugby, these scrumdowns, and the whole thing resembles nothing so much as a 16-headed 32-legged half-human centipede with gas pumps.

By the second half it was 24° and even the New Yorkers were blue; the Fijians, in mid-nightmare, had spent the five-minute break thinking warming thoughts of home and tending to bleeding legs. There is no padding allowed in rugby, and the cold, dead grass surface of Downing Stadium might as well have been cement.

As the second half began, New York's Clarke made his second penalty kick, and it was 9-8 New York. Then another sugarcane farmer named Josateki Sovitu scored a try to make it 11-9 Fiji, and there it stayed until, with six minutes left, Geoff Clarke (who else?) made his third penalty kick and the score was 12-11 New York as the final whistle blew.

"Rugby all over the world will awaken to America now," Tate said, happily including Clarke among the Americans. "They'll see we're not just a wild bunch going around kicking people's heads off."

It was clearly the biggest moment for U.S. rugby since 1924, when a group of ex-college football players from California won the Olympic gold medal from France, against 20-to-1 odds. Deaths and injuries had soured Californians on college football around the turn of the century, so the players had turned to rugby, entering and actually winning their first Olympics in 1920. There was no Olympic rugby after 1924 but today more than 250 U.S. colleges have sides and it is the fastest-growing amateur team sport in the country. Little League rugby has begun in New York's Westchester County, and ex-college football players yearning for physical contact find it an ideal outlet. The New York All-Stars were chosen from eight area teams com-

continued

If your girl doesn't like the great autumn day aroma of Field & Stream...



start playing the field.

A quality product of Philip Morris U.S.A.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is concerned with man's natural environment because that's where much of what we write about takes place—out in the fields and woods and under the stars, on lakes and running streams, on mountain tops and ocean bottoms. Join our wonderful world. Check the card in this issue.

posed of doctors, salesmen, accountants, executives and visiting Britons.

Following the game Dr. Felix Frieberson, Fri's tour manager, graciously complimented his hosts at Les Pierres Restaurant on Manhattan's West Side. "From what you showed us this evening," he told them, "your players needn't fear disgrace against any side in the world."

"We were proud to be on the field with the Fijians," said Ray Cornvall, the New York coach. "We knew they ran and passed a lot, and we could never keep up with them there, but we had more power and we drove right in. Still, if we had run the ball wide open they would have laid 40 points on us. I wouldn't want to take them on in warm weather."

Before dinner 22-year-old Semea K. Sikivou, a Fijian civil servant, approached New York Captain Richard Donelli, a husky dentist who quarterbacked the Columbia University football team in 1958-59 and is the son of Buff

Donelli, the visiting Columbia coach. Sikivou and Donelli discussed their common interest.

"You pass without even looking where the ball is going," Donelli said. "How do you know someone will be there?"

"We practice touch rugby," Sikivou said, grinning, "and we don't like to be touched."

"Well, your speed is overwhelming," Donelli replied, "and your whole side is in top shape." Donelli is in pretty good shape himself, at least now. He did not mention that in June of 1969 a cardiologist friend discovered a hole between two chambers of his heart. Donelli was 32 then, and the doctor gave him 10 years without an operation. That wasn't long enough to play rugby, he decided, and eight weeks later he was wearing a Teflon patch in his heart. Two months after that he was playing the game again, which tells you something about rugby men.

Rugby affairs are usually pretty raucous, but when dinner began the room

was almost quiet. The New Yorkers seemed almost embarrassed at having won. Some apologized for the weather. Few of the Fijians spoke; many sat with their heads down and ate little, some still wore their overcoats. They obviously were tired from their London flight the previous day. Finally, someone asked the Fijians to sing, a talent for which they are famous throughout the rugby world. The Fijians rose reluctantly from their chairs, a little self-conscious. They began softly. Their voices were unexpectedly sweet, and as they sang of home, 8,000 miles away, they smiled wanly and their voices rose in harmony. They had been away from Fiji for two months. In that time Captain Toga's wife had given birth to their first child, a son. The Fijians were clearly homesick—Kaneviani Nalatu, Setareki Tamarivala, who looks like a king, and all the rest, and as they began a song called *Ivuli* their smiles grew wider and some swung their heads to its rhythms. *Ivuli*, one of them said, meant farewell.

END

Our components were made for each other.

For the very best possible sound, We designed and built them ourselves, so the speakers, tuner/amplifier and turntable were painstakingly matched to work together. Which takes the hassle out of choosing and matching them yourself.

We gave our amplifier a full 100 watts of peak power. And an FM/AM and FM stereo tuner that's computer designed to pull in hard-to-get signals and separate crammed-together stations.

We sealed our speakers. And made them so powerful, the bass tones can actually blow out a match.

We belenched our turntable. It's so friction-free it continues to spin for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

That's our VS 5000. But that's not all. We have other component systems that are very compatible, too. At your RCA dealer.

New vibrations from an old master.

RCA



800-654-3131

**Now you can call this
toll-free number
and have a Hertz car
waiting for you around the
corner or around
the world.**

You can call this number from any telephone in the continental United States at any time of the day or night.*

It will let you reserve a car in Soda Springs, Idaho; Elkhart, Indiana; Cannes, France; Dar es Salaam, Tanzania; Kavalla, Greece or in any of 2700 other places.

And a call will insure you that a good Ford or other car will be waiting for you when you arrive.



But the nicest thing of all is after you make your reservation you get your dime back.



Hertz

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

*In the state of Oklahoma call 1-(800)-522-3711.



THE MAKING OF A QUARTERBACK

1970



Or:
"Machiavelli
couldn't have
come up
with a better
game plan"

by PAT RYAN

The strobes of cameramen spell hot light on the new Congressman moving through the crush and triumph of Election Night, through the dance of placards that bear his name, through the whirl of red, white and blue hoisters. Jack F. Kemp, until last January the All-Star quarterback of the Buffalo Bills, has just been elected to the House of Representatives from New York's 39th District. He edges through the crowd to a telephone, the White House is calling to offer congratulations. "Do you think tomorrow morning's headlines will read JFC victorious?" someone asks.

The Republican Party has high hopes for Jack Kemp. He is a Congressman made to Richard Nixon's order—a Californian, a conservative and a football

player to boot. During Kemp's congressional campaign, White House emissaries Robert Finch and Herb Klein appeared frequently in Buffalo, privately to advise and publicly to applaud their man. "The President considers Jack Kemp . . . a rising national figure," Klein declared. Envelopes with labels reading "From the White House" lay about Kemp headquarters. Cartoonist Al Capp, serving this year as a Republican court jester, entertained without charge at a \$100-a-plate affair for Kemp. The White House arranged for Kemp to be coached by professionals. A campaign management consultant arrived from Washington, followed by a press secretary. An advertising firm set about molding Kemp's image. The company that compiles voter surveys for party highwigs

continued

like Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan produced volumes of computerized information on Kemp's constituency, confidential playbooks from which campaign strategy was developed. Jack Kemp, embarking on his new career, was a No. 1 draft choice, a bonus baby.

Kemp's announcement last March that he would run for Congress provoked jokes. "Did you hear Jackie threw his hat in the ring—and had it intercepted?" But from the outset the campaign was plotted in deadly earnest. Nobody was relying on Kemp's celebrity as a sports figure or his All-America virtues to make him a winner.

There was no fundamental image problem. Buffalo's ex-quarterback is utterly wholesome, resembling no one so much as the man in those posters that declare, "The family that prays together stays together." The simile is valid. Kemp is a practicing Presbyterian and his wife Janice holds Bible study class in their home on Tuesdays. The Kemps consider themselves Middle Americans and it was decided Jack would run a Middle America campaign right there on the Canadian border. Red, white and blue were his colors. "People want candidates who will stand up and say what is right about America," Kemp declared early on, and in almost every speech thereafter he praised the American political system as "the greatest experience in human dignity and human freedom that mankind has ever known." He chose to be uplifting and optimistic.

But the most significant of Kemp's assets, of course, was his name, popularized in 13 years of pro football. A pre-election survey showed 76% of the voters in the 39th District knew who he was, while only 23% recognized and could identify his opponent, Thomas Flaherty, a Buffalo attorney who had served for 20 years in local government. Flaherty was quick to concede Kemp's advantage. "When I began my campaign," he said, "I would tell people, 'I'm Tom Flaherty. I'm running for Congress.' I drew blank stares. So I started saying, 'I'm running for Congress against Jack Kemp,' and people would light up immediately." But Flaherty also figured that Kemp's sporting past might hurt

Kemp, for the public often looks upon football players as intellectually deficient. And might the fans who had so vigorously booed Kemp in War Memorial Stadium not transfer their disdain to his political career?

Football had surely honed Kemp in subtle, anti-political ways. As a sports hero he developed an aloofness, pushing through crowds mindlessly to limit the attentions of autograph-seekers. "He gives the impression of not wanting to press flesh," his publicity chief, Ken Blasczyk, said. And Kemp's campaign manager, Alex Armendaris, declared, "If another athlete asked me to help him run for office, I'd think twice be-

get too long, he gets in trouble, makes mistakes and forgets the question." A good sense of tempo and cadence masked Kemp's rhetorical deficiencies.

Kemp is inexorably Republican, so no tampering with his attitudes was suggested. "I was born into a Republican family," he would say when asked about his fundamental political philosophy, "and after going into the highly competitive business of pro football, I gained an even deeper appreciation of the competitive free-enterprise system to which this country owes its past, present and future progress and freedom. I believe competition breeds the best, not exactly by the law of the jungle, but the system of free enterprise has brought about the greatest society ever known. I think the Republican Party best preserves and promotes those basic principles of free enterprise."

Kemp's ideals had led him to the fringes of political involvement for years. While playing for the Chargers, first of Los Angeles and then of San Diego, he became a close friend of *The San Diego Union's* then editor, Herb Klein. In 1961 he began writing a youth column for the rigidly conservative newspaper, and his stories had headlines such as, "Sports, Freedom Require Laws" and "Freedom Is Goal in Playing Game." In 1962, through a front-office gaffe, Kemp was put on waivers and picked up by the Buffalo Bills for \$100. He went East reluctantly, and kept returning to California in the off season. He campaigned for Richard Nixon in his unsuccessful 1962 bid for the state governorship and in 1964 he actively supported Barry Goldwater for the presidency. If he did not back winners, he was one himself, leading Buffalo to the 1964 and 1965 AFL championships and becoming a popular figure in Buffalo community affairs. He gave scores of speeches—"The Struggle of Communism for Control of the Minds of our Youth"—and was honored by the Buffalo Jaycees for outstanding community service and by the Western New York Young Americans for Freedom, who gave him their Americanism Award.

In 1966 Kemp traveled with Nixon when the latter went to the West Coast



By design, Kemp looks older and concerned.

fore agreeing. Sports idols are another breed. A politician has to beg, to crawl for votes."

Kemp's advisers had other concerns, too. "Quarterbacks are lazy," one noted on a particularly strained day. "Jack would rather sit in the office than campaign." And another, the "creative director" of the campaign, Al Schutte, worried that Kemp was too handsome. "He looks too kiddish, too pretty," said Schutte. "We have to unslack him, give a little character to his face."

Kemp needed no speech tutor. He talks surely and swiftly, too swiftly to follow in some instances, but Armendaris said that was "just as well. His answers

to campaign for Robert Finch, who was running successfully for lieutenant governor. It was during this trip, "talking philosophy, politics, history and football," that Kemp became friendly with the future President. In 1967 Kemp was on Governor Reagan's staff, in 1968 he traveled for the State Department, in 1969 he worked for Republican National Committee Chairman Rogers Morton as a liaison figure between the Administration and U.S. campuses. So for Kemp politics was no passing fancy. It is hardly surprising that a tacit understanding developed among Erie County G.O.P. leaders that Kemp someday would run for Congress from the 39th District.

As Al Bellanca, the county chairman, said: "We were looking for an attractive, articulate, forthright, aggressive man. Finding Jack Kemp was like finding the Holy Grail."

Kemp himself put it somewhat differently. Deciding 1970 was his year to run, he said: "There is a Republican President in office our surveys show is popular here. This is a Republican district, and I will not have to run against the incumbent. Machiavelli couldn't have come up with a better game plan."

The 39th District is a string of suburbs south of Buffalo, a 35-by-35-mile block with some 223,000 registered voters. The Republicans hold a 25,000 plurality. For years the area sent to Congress an elderly Republican, John R. Pillion, who is best remembered for proclaiming that if Hawaii and Alaska were given statehood four Soviet agents would sit in the U.S. Senate. On another occasion Pillion flew to the South Pole when he received word that Communists were infiltrating there.

In 1964 the local voters rejected Goldwater overwhelmingly, and Pillion, too. Democrat Richard Max McCarthy became the district's Congressman and was elected to three straight terms before giving up his House seat to try unsuccessfully for the Senate. When McCarthy lost in the Democratic primary in June there were weeks of backroom backbiting but the Democrats eventually gathered their divided forces behind Tom Flaherty.

The 39th District, no matter what the voter-registration figures show, is far

from solidly Republican. Nelson Rockefeller had lost the 39th in the 1966 governor's race, and Nixon had been defeated in the district in 1968. The area is highly ethnic in composition—Italian, Irish, Polish, Jewish, German, a few blacks. "There's just about everything in the district but WASPs, which is what Jack is," explained Blasezyk one day. It is a district that could be as inconsistent in its affections as pro football fans, and careful strategy was needed. Among the early moves was a decision to drop all references to Goldwater in Kemp's background—too conservative. (Indeed, Kemp would finally edge away from an even more prominent Republican) Cam-

plent quotes that can be used for almost any occasion." They were given loose-leaf texts entitled "How to Win," which contained advertisement suggestions, scripts for commercials, possible billboard designs and other helpful hints. They received a packet of pocket-sized speech cards containing rundowns on subjects from agriculture to Vietnam. Each candidate's headquarters would be supplied with a Telex machine that would click out daily memos from Republican headquarters in Washington and would transmit an "Issue of the Day" and a "Speech of the Week." Seminars dealt with precise questions—how to "neutralize" the impact of student activity



Billed as a union man, the ex-quarterback, might labor's vote at Bethlehem Steel plant.

paign Manager Armendaris, a professional who is the president of his own firm in Washington, Campaign Management Services, also decided Kemp would follow a familiar political premise: "A candidate should always talk in generalities, he should sound like he is saying something but say nothing at all. A strong position on an issue will only turn some voters off."

Kemp received additional counseling at a four-day Candidates' School held in Washington in June for Republican congressional hopefuls. The candidates were urged to work on their speech-making style. They were told to buy books by John Gardner to get "really excel-

... how to "neutralize" nationality groups ... how to avoid TV debates ... how to undermine an opponent's credibility but avoid looking crassly political. Perhaps the most important how-to lecture concerned the raising of money. Among the suggestions: "Firearms legislation is a ... matter that is always before the Congress. Internal Revenue has a list of 140,000 dealers and firearms people. It will cost you one penny for each name—\$140 for 140,000 names ... This is a great list, and a lot of money can result from it." Kemp was photographed in front of the Capitol, run through the President's office and—compliments of the (White)

continued



House—taken on a round of personal briefings with Cabinet members. When he returned he was ready to undertake the improbable, impossible life of the campaigning American politician.

It began slowly, but as day tumbled on day there was no ending: church picnics, flea markets, union outings, shopping malls, parades ("Jack Kemp salutes General Pulaski"), even door-to-door. No crowd too small, no generosity too large:

"I have a philosophy of government. I believe very strongly that we live in a time of philosophical anarchy, when not enough people have. . . ."

"I happen to believe that problems are not problems, they are opportunities. As a football player I learned. . . ."

"You will know where I stand. I'm not going to do a ballet dance. I'm not going to tiptoe through. . . ."

"I want to put my life where my mouth has been all these years. That's why I'm. . . ."

On and on. But is anybody listening?

The candidate is walking down the midway at the Erie County Fair with his wife, Joanne, and three children when a woman stops him and asks, "Say, didn't you used to be Jack Kemp?" Kemp shows not a flicker of introspection at the paralyzing question. The transformation from athlete to politician is progressing. At the fair the blue ribbon for artwork goes to a lady who has done Kemp's portrait in wool. He is dressed in his familiar No. 15 jersey, in one hand is a football, in the other the Capitol.

Kemp's official farewell to sport was a 525-a-plate Jack Kemp Appreciation Dinner in June. A few sports figures had to be paid to show up, but most came at their own expense and were warmly laudatory of Kemp, the quarterback, Pete Rozelle, O. J. Simpson, Lou Sahian, Frank Leahy and Cookie Gilchrist were among the speakers. The warmest tribute of the night was Frank Leahy's. The old Notre Dame coach said, "Men of Jack Kemp's stature represent the last bastion of strength in our great nation."

Following the dinner, Kemp broke cleanly with his past. Too many celeb-

rities—Sam Huff, Tex. Ritter, John Glenn, Shirley Temple, Bud Wilkinson—had failed to establish political credentials and had lost elections. "Why, Kemp's got nothing but a name," a girl at the airport Hertz counter had said. "He's just an overgrown monkey." Kemp is hardly gargantuan, only 6 feet tall and no brawnier than the corner druggist. The intricacies of pro football demand intelligence and Kemp is bright and polished. In his campaign he projected an informed and well-spoken image. But his reputation still wore shoulder pads.

Emotions of voters are finely calibrated by the ad agencies that package political candidates. Kemp's campaign was no exception. The immediate concern of the Rich Advertising Company of Buffalo was Kemp's high-and-mighty quality. "We had to loosen him up," said Rich's Al Schutte. "Get him to acknowledge people, smile at everybody, stop walking away from crowds. We designed his campaign billboards in a way that makes him seem involved with people. We took him out on Main Street, made him take off his coat and loosen his tie. I moved up his hair. Jack didn't like that. 'I am what I am,' he said, but I told him, 'Look, you've got to win the election and after that you can be what you are.'"

Schutte's other aim was to present Kemp as older looking than his 35 years and more statesmanlike. Kemp was aged by a graphic technique. The gray tones were removed from a close-up photograph that showed just his face and head. This accentuated the very slight wrinkle lines around his eyes. Suddenly Kemp was aging—and concerned. "I suppose Jack wouldn't like me to describe the effect this way, but it looks Kennedyyish," Schutte said, "and that's a good image for a politician to have."

Although one of the lecturers at the Republican Candidates' School had suggested riding about the district with jacket off and shirt sleeves rolled up—"Do everything physically to express the ethic of hard work," was the advice—a rough-and-tumble approach is not Kemp's style. He is always meticulously turned out, so much so that his ad agen-

cy had to airbrush in a few errant hairs on his campaign poster. Kemp's reddish-brown razor cut is sprayed with Consoil and stays immaculately in place. Through the campaign he wore the same discreet navy polka-dot tie and always a white shirt.

Kemp centered much of his effort on Amherst, a white-collar area with a preponderance of Republicans. If he could take the town with 64% of the vote, he could move that offset an expected Democratic plurality in the blue-collar area of Cheektowaga. Amherst's Main Street is a concrete slash of consuming America, hamburger and pizza stands cheek by jowl, beauty salons, motels, supermarkets, gas stations. Yet only yards from the churn of traffic are quiet asphalt-lined streets, and in these comfortable homes Kemp made his pitch. By Election Day he had spoken at 92 neighborhood coffee hours. Usually they were all-women affairs, but Joanne Kemp considered them well worth her husband's time. "Women like to talk," she explained. "I think, on the average, every lady at a coffee tells at least five people about meeting Jack."

The scene rarely varied. The dining-room table would be spread with the hostess' finest linen. Her silver service would gleam and she would have laid out plates of brownies and pastries. Perhaps as many as 50 guests would crowd the living room and flow up the carpeted front stairs, balancing china cups and listening as Kemp would speak. He would tell them he was not running on his mermaid football player. "The popularity of a quarterback rests with his last pass," he would say, "and if I recall correctly mine was intercepted." (He recalls correctly.) The ladies always tutted at the sally. Kemp would continue, "I see three priorities, three goals toward which we should be moving in the last third of the 20th century—peace without surrender, economic prosperity without inflation and justice without disorder." He would elaborate, and his views closely followed the Administration's doctrines.

Inevitably, in the very polite question periods that followed, a lady would ask, "Why can't the young people be made

Pipers

It's made proudly. Give it that way.


Two things
for which a man
is grateful...

His woman
and his scotch.



100 Pipers • Blended Scotch Whisky
85 Proof • Seagram Distillers Company, New York





An introductory offer to people who have never owned a Chrysler.

We want to introduce as many people as possible to the finest-designed,
best-built Chryslers we've ever offered.
So we're coming through with the Royal. A brand-new series of Chryslers.
At a new low price. \$112* less than any other Chrysler.

Coming through in a big way.

Royal is every inch a Chrysler. Uncompromisingly full-sized.

It's also a bigger car than our chief competition, Buick LeSabre and Olds Delta 88. With a roomier interior.
And a bigger trunk.

A matter of inches.

Our new 360 V-8 is ten cubic inches bigger than the engines on Buick and Olds.

More important, especially in a car this size, our engine comes through with more horsepower.

All on regular gas.

A difference of opinion.

LeSabre and Delta come with coil spring suspension systems. The Royal uses torsion bars.

They'll tell you coil springs are better. We'll tell you torsion bars are.

Who's right?

Well, we urge you to try them both and make up your own mind.

It is interesting to note, however, that GM does use torsion bars on two models: the most expensive Cadillac, and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

Now are we coming through?

Built and engineered with extra care.

The Royal body is a single solid unit. Unitized with over 5000 individual welds.

The competition uses bolts to mate the body to the frame.

On a test drive, you probably wouldn't notice any difference. But the differences are there.

Our Unibody is stronger for one thing. It also stays tighter longer. So there is less chance of welds and seams opening up and forming rust pockets.

Another thing to remember is that Royal has no body bolts to work free and rattle after, say, a year or so of driving.

Chrysler-Plymouth comes through for you...

Coming Through is not a slogan with us. It is a way of life. We build and engineer our cars with extra care.

We test and inspect them against the most rigorous standards. We are committed to delivering cars to you with more exacting quality and enduring value than ever before.

And that's why Chrysler-Plymouth is Coming Through For You.

A car for people ready to move up.

Chrysler Royal. An introduction to Chrysler luxury and quality.

Coming through at a price you can afford.
That's our offer.
Welcome to Chrysler.



CHRYSLER



**Coming
Through.**

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price
for standard Chrysler Royal. Price excludes state and local
taxes, destination charges.

Which young lady stacked the 100 tons of hay?

It was always a man's job, and a strong man at that. Yet, one of the sixteen-year-olds in our photo has just spent most of the day placing 150-pound bales of hay into a neat stack 13 feet high.

This will only surprise you if you haven't visited a big farm lately. Our modern agricultural equipment ingeniously solves many crop-handling problems, mechanically.

And with power-steering and hydraulic muscle, even young arms can manage the most awesome farm tasks. Ingenious problem solving is one of the reasons we're number one in specialized farm equipment.

Which young lady was it? Lori Johnson from Lancaster, California, to the right. She's been working with our equipment on her dad's 300-acre ranch for several years. Her friend, Vicki Hoff, watched from the shade.

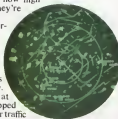


This is the sky over Kennedy International Airport. Friday, 5:00 p.m. Rush hour.

For years, air traffic controllers have been keeping track of aircraft by watching radar "blips." They tell the controller the direction the planes are moving, but not how high they are or how fast they're going.

To get this information, he has to check each pilot of the flights he is handling several times along the route. This places a prodigious strain on his memory.

It's easier now at those airports equipped with a Sperry Rand air traffic control system. Each blip on the radar screen is tagged by the computer with a



cluster of continuously updated symbols that moves with it. The controller can read the information he needs right off the scope.

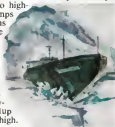
This system is working now to help manage the skies over Kennedy, and over Atlanta. A still more advanced Sperry Rand system, ARTS III, is scheduled for installation at heavy-traffic airports beginning in 1971.

The Rock 'n Roll. It's the latest step in ice-breaking.


Though ice several feet thick will give way under the weight of an icebreaker's bow, sometimes the ice is thicker, and it won't. So now, a new motion has been added to ice-breaking. The Rock 'n Roll.

The new 1000-foot-long tanker Manhattan uses two of our hydraulic systems to control two high-capacity ballast pumps which thrust 200 tons of water from one side of the vessel to the other at about 75-second intervals.

This rolling motion breaks more ice. It's the kind of ingenious application that has helped our marine hydraulics business roll up its present all-time high.



Sperry Rand is a multinational corporation. We manufacture and market information management systems; industrial, agricultural and mechanical equipment; guidance and control systems and consumer products throughout the free world. Though you may know us by our trademarks, New Holland, Remington, Remington Rand, Sperry, Univac, Vickers; think of us as Sperry Rand. We do.

 **SPERRY RAND**

Wait till you see what we do tomorrow.

to mend?" or "Why is it these kids can't be persuaded to be behind us instead of the Russians?" The University of Buffalo campus, which has a highly visible radical element, borders Amherst, and the citizenry is understandably apprehensive. A campus-created newspaper circulates in the area's grammar and high schools. It advertises its own brand of **STP** ("Stop the Pigs, Serve the People"), gives diagrammed instructions for making Molotov cocktails and offers advice on how to overturn "a pigmobile."

Kemp would discuss the campus unrest in moderating tones. "You are not a good student unless you dissent," he would say, "unless you question, unless you get involved. But there has to be some balance brought to this debate. . . . A great deal more has to be done not only from the White House but from your house and my house." And he would condemn "the nihilist, the negativist, the person so obsessed with what is wrong with this country, he fails to recognize the vast amount of good, the progress this country has made for its people." He reassured and he elevated the tone. "I never want to be asked," he would say, "what I was doing that I thought was more important than helping my community and my country at this time. And that's why I'm running for Congress."

One of his staff members marveled at the response Kemp received at coffees. "Why he just levitates those ladies right off the sofa," the aide said.

Into October the Kemp bandwagon rolled on, buoyant and optimistic. The candidate was heavily favored to win. The Democrats were still brawling, and Flaherty had taken to calling it "the fighting 39th." The Kempagners, flocks of pretty volunteers who were friends of Joanne's and members of her bridge and Bible study clubs, were ringing doorbells, handing out Kemp literature and being well received.

The confident tone of the campaign persisted even after the Kemp headquarters on Main Street, a converted service station, burned one midnight, reducing voter records to ashes. Kemp said later an inspector found traces of kerosene and suspected arson, but nothing was

proved. In the gutted ruins stood a sequin-decorated bulletin board that proclaimed, "All Signs Point to Kemp for Congress."

A new headquarters was opened nearby in a former amusement arcade and billiard parlor. The cloyingly sweet smell of the fire lingered in signed books and papers, but the campaign recovered quickly.

On Oct. 8 incumbent Max McCarthy, now returned from his ill-advised Senate wars, was finally barred from entering the congressional race by the State Supreme Court so he endorsed Flaherty.

Flaherty had only four weeks left to collar Kemp, and he had lost considerable campaign contributions because of the Democratic brawling. Flaherty headquarters was a cubbyhole in a downtown Buffalo building. The staff was skimpy and had more ingenuity than experience.

Flaherty attacked Kemp as a "lacker" and a "rubber stamp for Nixon." While vigorously denying this charge, Kemp became increasingly sensitive to it. He had been invited to attend a White House prayer service, but decided not to go because, as he put it later, "It wouldn't have been a plus." Late in October when White House Communications Director Herb Klein conferred with Kemp in Buffalo, none of the papers were informed he was in town. And a Kemp campaign theme—that Nixon needed a Republican

majority in Congress—was dropped from Jack's speeches.

And now Flaherty became more of a worry by the hour. One day as Joanne Kemp was driving around her home town of Hamburg, a district she views with a kind of territorial imperative, she saw numbers of green and blue Flaherty bumper stickers and yard signs. With eyes like an eagle, she spied boys with ties walking down a Hamburg street. "That's unusual," she said to a friend. "Boys don't wear ties in this neighborhood. They must be canvassing for Flaherty." She turned the corner in her car and noticed a woman about 100 yards away. "She's from the League of Women Voters," Mrs. Kemp said. "I wonder what she is doing on this street. She doesn't live here."

An attractive and purposeful woman, Joanne Kemp rang hundreds of doorbells during her husband's campaign. Almost every afternoon, between 3 and 5—a time, she explained, when someone was usually to be found at home—she would work an area, setting out with a list of the homeowners' names that also noted whether they were registered Democrats or Republicans. It would take her perhaps 90 minutes to visit all the houses on a block.

"There is no way of knowing how effective she was," Alex Armendaris said, "but I've never known a wife to work so hard for a candidate."

continued



Heading to campaign in Rochester: To accept Javet's award, Kemp and wife work on a speech.



**New thinking is...
a home movie system
that cleans out
desk drawers.**



Auto 8 Movie Cassette
Projector, Model 4012.

Here's a system of movie cassettes for neat storage and easiest showing of your home movies. Plus an automatic projector that threads and rewinds, gives you three speeds including super-slow motion, and works with your present standard reels and equipment. The Auto 8 Movie Cassette System. Suddenly everything's easy.

 **BELL & HOWELL**



The quaterback was working, too. A day of campaigning is a grip of hands, a kaleidoscope of faces; it is pride in a crowd's applause, its laughter, its loyalty; it is assuredness, confident speeches, verbal rambles spiced with recurring phrases; it is surges of earnestness and conviction. But inevitably there are the flaws, the self-doubt, the voters turned off and the speeches that run on and become nonsense. The silly rote can depress the man. Tiredness seeps in his shoulders. Yet ambition flails at him.

Follow Jack Kemp a day. He begins by pre-empting *I Love Lucy* on a local television station, half an hour bought for \$700 to display him as an articulate candidate. In some houses Lucille Ball fans click Kemp's earnest face from the screen. In other homes, sets continue to run in the mindless progression of morning, from *Captain Kangaroo* to a bowling show to Kemp. He looks out on a scene of curlers, dungarees, mops, breakfast dishes, unmade beds. Kemp is answering questions from the home audience. "Operators are ready to take your calls," an announcer says. The questions are censored by Armendaris, some are reworded, several are planted, dozens discarded. At the end of the show Kemp is wet through from 10,000 watts of lights. The campaign manager is pleased with the performance. "Jack looked more sincere than he did in the last program," Armendaris says.

Next, Kemp drives to a candidates' luncheon at a Republican women's club. It is an aristocratic group dating from 1936, when Mrs. Ward Wickwire, grande dame of Buffalo society, carried a pennant down Main Street in an Alf Landon parade. The club president wears her three strands of pearls and gold elephant as if they were sergeant's stripes. Over the chicken curry and peas, Kemp is suave and impressive.

His schedule is tight, an appointment with the editors of a newspaper from which he hopes to win endorsement is at 2:30, and at 3 o'clock, three miles away, he is to appear at the grand opening of a tire company. "Excellent chance to meet steelworkers," his schedule notes. Kemp decides to drop the tire store opening. "But, Jack, you can make

After work in Tokyo, where can you play?

Japan—the fabled land of pleasure. But how can you get in on it? Where can you find your own Teshome of the August Moon? How can you get tickets to a sumo wrestling match? When does it make good business sense to throw a party? You'll find all the answers in our 155-page booklet, *The International Business Man's After Hours Guide to Japan*. It's yours for \$1 and the coupon below. From the airline that offers you the most flights to Japan and serves you with unique and gracious hospitality every mile of the way.

Japan Air Lines, P.O. Box 1160
Radio City Station, New York, New York 10019

JAPAN AIR LINES
IS ALL YOU EXPECT JAPAN TO BE

Name _____
Company _____
Address _____ Tel. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My trip of merit in _____
Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

JA-120579

it," Joanne says insistently. "You don't get many chances to meet steelworkers." He declares firmly that he will not go.

That evening Kemp is to speak at the Worthington machinists' golf banquet. It is near dusk when he arrives at the faded Moose Hall where the stag banquet is being held in a fluorescent-lit basement. Above the beer drinkers are crepe decorations, twisted red and white ribbons and pink bells. Kemp is welcomed simply and well, but he is not at ease. "Football is what helps me with these people," he whispers to an associate. He refuses a beer and asks for a Coke. He seldom drinks. He signs autographs for the men's sons and talks about the Bills' upcoming game.

Conversation at the dinner is awkward for Kemp, and when he rises to speak he spends many minutes telling football anecdotes. He stresses his experience at the bargaining table representing the American Football League players' union. Phrases in the speech betray his discomfort. "I know you people. . . ." Emotionally, Kemp is not one of the group. He talks on, telling the men America is in the state Charles Dickens described in *A Tale of Two Cities*—the best of times and the worst of times. He speaks of the spirit of the country, of law and respect. He calls for rededication. He closes with a lengthy quote from Gibbon concerning the decline of Athenian freedom. He is given a fine ovation on leaving.

"These are the people I must see more of," he says as his driver heads the car toward an evening version of still another upper-middle-class coffee hour. "Damn! I wish I could get into more union meetings, but as a Republican you just can't get invited. Oh, I'm tired." Kemp holds his head. He turns on the inside car light to read reports and restlessly turns it off again and reaches for the radio. A singer is wailing through the speakers, "I need your love, I want your love. . . ."

A brittle chatter of voices stops as Kemp arrives at the coffee. He shakes hands and plunges into his speech. "There is a passage written by James Madison in the 10th *Federalist* paper," he is saying moments later, "that I have considered the keynote of my political

career." Suddenly his mind is too weary. He cannot remember the quote. He looks at his wife and asks, "What did Madison say?" The company giggles. Joanne provides the cue and Kemp continues. An hour later—10 p.m., now—they leave for the final stop, a Customs Bureau annual awards dinner. But they arrive too late. The dinner has broken up. The ladies are in a corner talking about Avon cosmetics; the men are in the bar. All Kemp can do is shake hands with waitresses who are setting the restaurant's tables for breakfast: "Hello, I'm Jack Kemp, running for Congress." Yes, running.

Two weeks prior to Election Day, Kemp debated Flaherty on television. Kemp's performance was excellent. His opponent fared poorly; Flaherty was gaunt and inadequately made up for the cameras. The perspiration streamed down his face and neck and the cosmetics made the sweat all the more obvious. Kemp used no makeup and the staging gave him the best camera angle—a fact noted by Flaherty supporters. The television station's chief executive was a staunch backer of Kemp. In the course of this otherwise successful debate, Kemp suddenly fumbled, though it was a few days before Flaherty reacted, politics drawing out its suspense longer than football.

In the interim came the appearance of Nelson Rockefeller and Al Capp at a \$100-a-plate dinner for Kemp. "I'm just delighted to be here to pay my respects to a great leader, Jack Kemp," the Governor said. "You already know how Jack Kemp responds to pressure. You've seen him as a pro quarterback with half a ton of the enemy line coming in on top of him and he's never flinched and he's been the kind of leader this country is looking for. . . ."

Capp wound up a vivid address with: "It's the Republican Party and guys like Jack Kemp who will make your kids safe from drugs, your kids safe from corruption, your institutions safe from dynamiting. . . ." Kemp applauded, self-consciously.

The dinner, producing part of the \$150,000 it took to elect Jack Kemp, was his campaign high point, for im-

mediately thereafter the opposition hit with a barrage of television and radio advertising, a happening totally unexpected by Kemp and his advisers. The Democrats, it had been thought, had no funds for a commercial blitz. But in the concluding 10 days of the campaign Flaherty piled \$22,000 into devastating TV spots based on an inaccurate and unwise statement Kemp had made in the debate.

Buffalo is a city of increasing unemployment and the Nixon economic policy, which Kemp strongly endorsed, had become a campaign issue. Answering an attack by Flaherty during the debate, Kemp had said, "Very frankly I am surprised that [Mr. Flaherty] would be so loose with the facts to say that prices are going up instead of down. For the first time in many years the wholesale and consumer price index is indeed not only leveling off but being reduced." Sadly for Kemp, the *Buffalo Courier-Express* the next morning had headlines reading: COST OF LIVING RISES, BUYING POWER DIPS MORE SWIFTLY THAN IN YEARS. Flaherty's people put together the two, a recording of Kemp's voice during the debate and the newspaper story. They flashed this on the TV screen. "Whom does he think he's kidding?" a voice in the background declared indignantly. The commercial went on to decry the rise in unemployment since Richard Nixon took office and ended by Flaherty asking for the vote. It was a skillful piece of political advertising, made even more effective when, the day after it debuted, a *Buffalo* paper carried a report that the local Bethlehem Steel plant was planning to lay off 10,000 of its 17,000 workers.

Kemp's office frantically called the White House and Bethlehem Steel, to no apparent avail. The company was tight-lipped. The papers continued to carry headlines such as: BETHLEHEM STEEL TRIMS WORK FORCE, BETHLEHEM PROFITS FALL, BETHLEHEM SILENT ON LAYOFF RUMOR, FLAHERTY BLAMES PLANT LAYOFFS ON ECONOMIC POLICIES OF NIXON.

Flaherty's tough commercial put Kemp in a rage. He attempted to have it taken off Channels 4 and 7, where his

continued



New thinking is...
the roar of a
rock festival
from a little box.



It's Bell & Howell's fantastic new Bass Boom Box. Technically, it's a cassette recorder plus acoustical cabinet and 5" air suspension speaker. But really, it's exploding music, 10 times the booming bass. All that from a thing the size of a shoe box. And all for \$79.95. Hear it today.



BELL & HOWELL

**HUG
TOGETHER!**

**BINACA
IS IN...
BAD
BREATH
IS OUT.**



VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.



**ON
TARGET.**

Every week with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

**The Lazy
Pipe Tobacco**

BOND STREET
BURNS SLOW—SMOKES MILD



prevent birth defects

**give
to the
March
of
Dimes**



continued

friends had some control over policy, but the ad continued. "The FCC will take care of the master, I'm sure," someone told Kemp.

"Why don't you just call the White House," a staffer suggested, "and let them take care of it. That's what Harry Dent [a presidential aide] is down in Washington for."

Kemp had a telethon arranged for the night the Bethlehem Steel story broke, and he was visibly shaken. The show was a bad one. "This is the worst day of my life," he said afterward. The game was suddenly close. Very.

The candidates had one final debate. The format of this program, which was carried on Buffalo's educational TV channel, did not permit much grappling or head-knocking, but Flaherty's attack on Nixon's economic record had upset Kemp so much that he blew a key line his staff had spent the afternoon coaching him to recite ("As far as unemployment is concerned, I am not going to play politics with people's jobs"). Even worse, Kemp ended his remarks by saying the unemployment in Buffalo was caused not by the President, nor by himself, Jack Kemp, but by his opponent's supporters, the striking auto workers of General Motors. It was a gratuitous and injudicious slap at labor.

No sooner were the candidates off camera than the verbal jousting got even hotter. According to a witness it went like this:

Flaherty: You got a little frantic there, Jack.

Kemp: What do you mean?

Flaherty: Why, you pushed the panic button.

Kemp: Well, you're running that ad on television. But we've taken care of that.

Flaherty: Oh really?

Kemp: You bet. We've stopped it.

Flaherty: I hadn't heard.

Kemp: You'd better check with your ad agency.

Flaherty: I'm too busy.

The next day Kemp learned the FCC had no regulation that would force Flaherty's commercial off the airwaves.

Early in the campaign, pre-Election Friday had been designated as a day of

rest for Kemp, but his appointment secretary, Maretha Ruth, now could be heard on the telephone booking him for an appearance that day at a Sylvania factory, signing him up as a costume judge for a Halloween party at the Maple East Elementary School and inquiring what high school football games were scheduled that Kemp might attend. It was even decided that the candidate had better go bar-hopping Friday night in the Polish neighborhoods and take with him two former Buffalo teammates, Tom Sestak and Ed Rutkowski.

Kemp was warmly received at Sylvania, where complex radios used in fighters and helicopters are manufactured. Many of the women in the factory were festively celebrating Halloween. Some wore party masks as they worked over minuscule components. Kemp moved among them, shaking hands in a charming and debonair fashion. "He tilts his head, winks and gives them that Clark Gable look," said an amused Rutkowski, who had come along. Alternately the women teased, mothered and flirted with Kemp. They would straighten their wigs and squirm a bit in their chairs as he drew near. "Trick or treat," vamped a 40-year-old. They rushed after him in covets for autographs and one ran into her office exclaiming happily, "I kissed Jack Kemp."

Wedge into the now-bulging schedule was a visit to a senior citizens' club. Kemp arrived during the Halloween square dance. The club members were in makeup dress, angels, devils, Alpine climbers. The clubhouse was gay with guitar music, a musician calling out, "Swing your partner, do-si-do. . . ." Kemp circled the room meeting people. "You are too young to vote," he said, bending to shake the hand of a white-haired lady. "but I wanted to stop by and say hello." Someone suggested Kemp join in the square dance. "Why he wouldn't know his right foot from his left foot," a disapproving gentleman said. Kemp was never put to the test.

On Sunday the Kemp cause got a boost. The Buffalo Bills blasted the Boston Patriots 45-10. It was the team's second straight victory, not exactly an overwhelming statistic, except in Buffalo, for

the Kemp-led Bills had not managed back-to-back wins since 1966. Buffalo fans, many of whom are blue-collar workers, were elated. Flaherty was not.

At 6:15 Monday morning Kemp was at Gate No. 1 of the Bethlehem plant to shake hands with steelworkers. The factory buildings and stacks were hulks against the night blue sky, the streets around the mill silent. Men carrying paper bags and lunch pails moved wordlessly toward the factory. Kemp stood under a streetlight, a figure exuding youth, success and an optimism toward life. "Hi, I'm Jack Kemp," he'd say confidently, grasping a hand. His was the single voice in the morning. Kemp workers were passing out handbills that asked, "Can a Union Leader Be Elected to Congress?" On the reverse side was a reprint of a page from the *Congressional Record*. It praised Kemp for his work bargaining for football players. Kemp had been prepared for a desultory and possibly hostile reception. "It's good the Bills won yesterday," he said. "I put everyone in a good mood." He faced no hostility, but not much enthusiasm either.

Mrs. Kemp also managed to cash in on the Buffalo victory. Reading in the morning newspaper that Dennis Shaw, the current Bills quarterback, was to sign autographs on Monday at the A-Mart, she took an armful of Kemp pamphlets to the store and positioned herself in just the spot where autograph-seekers would have to shake her hand and take her brochure first.

Monday afternoon the Kemp camp fretted. Nixon would be on television again that night. Wasn't he overdoing it? Would Republican candidates suffer from overkill?

Election morning dawned to find Kemp at the Ford plant, but he had hardly begun to shake hands when he was asked to leave—plant regulations. Then he went to visit polling places, but the ones he drove to were mostly empty. Anyway, Kampaigners had been posted at many of the district's 441 precincts. "Having them there shows organization, momentum, confidence," Armendaris said.

Election Day generates a renewal of

faith in American politics. In part it is because the polling places—the Swormville Fire Hall, Ehrman's Plumbing Shop, Christ the King School—are neighborly and familiar. There, below the short blue curtain of the voting machine, are the knees of the kindergarten teacher, the work pants of the roofer, the shoes of the hardware store owner.

The Kemps arrived to vote at the Hamburg Volunteer Fire Company at 9 o'clock. It was a gray day, the pigeons flying high among the bare elms along Lake Street. Two fire engines stood in the garage with the voting registry and machine. Only one cameraman showed up to photograph the Kemps actually voting. But Jack and Joanne waited around until men from the other TV stations arrived and requested the voting for each of them. If Kemp had been superstitious he would have noticed the American flag leaning against the voting booth—it was upside down, a sign of distress.

Polling places in Buffalo closed at 9 p.m., and Armendaris had said that within half an hour he would be able to predict the election outcome. Kemp left his home to drive to campaign headquarters in Amherst just as the polls closed. A steady rain beaded the windows as the car sped up the black highway. A radio announcer began giving early returns. The first precincts reporting in the 39th District were from Kemp's own town of Hamburg. They showed Flaherty leading, 311 to 304, 295 to 274. Some Amherst results were in, but Kemp was not ahead by any overwhelming margin.

At Kemp headquarters Armendaris was studying the slips passing in front of him. The numbers were discouraging: Kemp 47.8%, Kemp 47%, Kemp 49.6%.

"What have you to show me?" the candidate wanted to know on his arrival. "It's very close," Armendaris said. "We are taking a beating in Amherst." Over the radio they could hear Democrats winning a number of local elections, upsetting favored Republicans Rockefeller was losing again in Erie County. Joanne Kemp's teeth chattered nervously. Armendaris suggested the Kemps go to the Statler Hilton, where the Republican rally was to be held. He cautioned

continued



New thinking is... a home movie system for people with a new poem to say.



Filmosound 8 System

Sound. Super 8 movies that laugh and sing and talk. They're easy and inexpensive and unforgettable with Bell & Howell's new Filmosound 8 System: a great super 8 camera, a handy, plug-in cassette recorder, and projector. Start with camera or projector for great silent movies, or get the whole Filmosound 8[®] System for sound movies now, at your nearest dealer.



BELL & HOWELL

**EAT & DRINK,
SWIM, RIDE, PARK,
PLAY, LAUGH, SING,
KISS, FIGHT, MAKE UP,
LOVE, FLIRT, HUG,
DANCE, CELEBRATE,
DO EVERYTHING...
TOGETHER!**

**BINACA[®]
IS IN...
BAD
BREATH
IS OUT.**



VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.

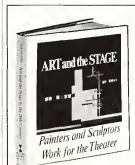


PASS IT ON.

Sports Illustrated is the best action bargain around. See the card in this issue.

10¢ SALE

**GUARANTEED
10 YEARS**



For Lovers

...of the theater and the fine arts: sets and costumes by 70 great painters and sculptors in one lavishly illustrated gift volume.

Art And The Stage In The 20th Century.

\$35.00 at your bookstore
or direct from

New York Graphic Society Ltd.

Greenwich, Conn 06830



Kemp to go to his room and not to talk to anyone.

Results came over the car radio constantly, and Kemp's mood rose and fell with them. Alternately he was hurt—"For Chrissake, why don't they vote for me"—and happy—"They're for me, listen, we're in, we're in."

Near 10 o'clock a radio station predicted a Kemp victory by 51.5% of the vote. Armendaris was still saying it was too close to call. Kemp had gotten only 58% in Amherst, an area in which 61% of the voters are registered Republicans. "We're not even getting a respectable share," the campaign manager said. But Kemp was not doing as poorly as expected in the blue-collar districts. Perhaps old Buffalo Bell loyalties were saving him after all. Kemp received 44% of the vote in Cheektowaga where his advisers had hoped for only 40%.

By 11:15 it was obvious that Kemp had his win, though by the narrowest of margins—96,989 to 90,949. In his upstairs room at the Statler, friends jubilantly began addressing him as Congressman. "This is better than winning the Super Bowl," said a smiling Rutkowski. "Honey, there's more future to it," said Mrs. Rutkowski.

Ades clutched at Kemp, telling him he must leave for the TV stations. One man said he should go to Channel 2 first, another had a different schedule. Kemp, thoroughly confused, stood in the center of the room. "Now you're a Congressman, you've got to make a decision," someone called out. "Let's take a vote," said Kemp.

"I think Jack did that in the huddle," a friend said. "The Bills were always being penalized for delay of game."

Near midnight, while he was appearing on WNED-TV, Kemp was informed that Flaherty had conceded. Said Kemp, not grasping the implications, "I've played in too many games and know you can't count on a win until the whistle blows."

Soon Kemp's headquarters was merry with champagne toasts. And there in the midst of the celebrators was the winning rookie. His ear was tight to the telephone and he was talking to the White House. It was, come to think of it, a typical sports scene.

END

The Gift of Excellence



Beefeater
Gin®
FIFTH



IMPORTED FROM
ENGLAND

Identifiable Excellence
It's what makes Beefeater...Beefeater.

Between you and an IBM is an RCA computer

The reason most people have to move to a bigger computer is that their workload outgrows their computer's memory.

To get more memory from IBM, you have to go all the way to a processor that's much bigger, more powerful, and more expensive than you may need.

RCA's new family of computers is designed with a proper balance between memories and processors.

RCA 2, RCA 3, RCA 6, RCA 7.

So, when you outgrow your 360/30, 40, or 50, you can make a smooth, logical step to the RCA system in the size you need.

Instead of being forced to jump to an IBM computer that's too big.

Why pay for power you don't need?

Here's an example. Say you have a 360/30 with the maximum memory size (65K) and you've outgrown it.

IBM would like to move you up to the 370/145. With a memory not even double yours (114K). But the processor is eight times as powerful as yours.

Do you need eight times the power?

We don't believe you do. Between the 360/30 and the 370/145 is an RCA computer that just fits.

The RCA 2. It doubles your present memory and more than triples your present power—the right amount of both. And it's \$41,000 a year less than the 370/145.

You do have one other choice, of course—the 360/40.

But it's not a new computer, and it's a big jump



up in price. The RCA 2 has half again the power of a 360/40 and costs \$15,000 a year less.

Bigger real memory. Unlimited virtual memory. More memory for less money.

Balancing memories with processors sensibly isn't the only way we work things to fit you.

Virtual memory is even more dramatic.

Virtual memory makes a computer work as though its main memory were unlimited in size.

Which means it's hard to outgrow.

And talk about a computer that just fits.

An RCA computer with virtual memory can do the work of a larger IBM computer with real memory.

computer that's too big, that just fits.

7



The only new computers that have virtual memory are RCA 3 and RCA 7.

360 Mode of Operation and Guaranteed Conversion cut risk.

We don't want you all excited by our new computers, but scared of switching.

So each of our new computers can include 360 Mode of Operation. It runs most DOS programs, to protect your software investment.

And, for 360 30, 40 and 50 DOS users who qualify, we'll switch you over. And guarantee results.

We'll convert your present applications for an agreed fee, by an agreed date.

The guarantee provides for penalty payments by RCA if we don't perform, and other appropriate provisions to protect both parties.

Only RCA offers you Guaranteed Conversion.

RCA is also the only major computer maker to let you choose how you pay for systems support - either bundled or unbundled.

IBM can only offer you computers unbundled, and it's costing a lot of companies a lot more money than they expected.

Also exclusive is our new Flexible Accrued Equity Plan. You pay up to 15% less than standard equipment rentals, and own the computer after 72 months.

Three unique policies that make it easy for you to get what you want.

Three weeks after announcing our new computers, we'd sold 2½ times our 1970 forecast.

And 75% of our new customers are IBM users. Maybe it's because our new computers are the only ones with what IBM users asked for.

The right size. The right price. The right service. Making them not just a step up, but the right step up.

We're out to win you over. And we only win when you win.

RCA
COMPUTERS



**tune-in
to the
"unusual"**

SEVENTY-ONE OF THEM.
THE "UNUSUALS" BY SHARP.
UNUSUAL IN QUALITY.
IN PERFORMANCE.

IN FEATURES, LIKE THE "CAMPER",
FM/AM RADIO, WITH COMPASS,
THERMOMETER, HUMIDITY GAUGE,
HI/LO FLASHLIGHT. ALL BUILT-IN.
PLUS RECHARGEABLE BATTERY
AND BUILT-IN RECHARGER.

SEE THE "CAMPER"
AND OUR FULL
LINE OF RADIOS,
"EYE-PI" TV, TAPE
RECORDERS,
CASSETTES,
AND COLOR
STEREO BY...

SHARP

At reputable stores everywhere. For more detail, write: Sharp Electronics Corporation, Paramus, New Jersey 07652

Although there was still, in the 1890s, an ample supply of tycoons who liked to pace vast decks with important business associates or pretty women, free of the cares of piloting or crewing, the demand was subtly shifting. More and more in the last decade of the last century the sporting thing was sail. And Newport, R.I., was the center of sail, just as it was the center of society.

Linked to and set apart from the mainland by a toll bridge controlled by the Vanderbilt family, Newport viewed mainlanders, like the poor, with well-learned tolerance. The definition of a mainland was a simple, geographic statement: he did not live in Newport. The definition of poverty was more elusive. "A man is not necessarily poor if he has only a million dollars," John Jacob Astor conceded. It was reasonably certain, nevertheless, that no one could build one of the "cottages" ranged along Newport's Ocean Drive for a single million.

Almost every one of the houses on the bluff above Newport indulged the baronial privilege of flying its owner's standard or colors, from Vanderbilt maroon to Astor blue. Over the Crusaders' Castle on Beacon Rock, which Stanford White had designed for Edwin Morgan, floated a Maltese cross, twin of the device above Nathaniel Herreshoff's more modest home at Love Rocks. The only other point of resemblance between the two houses was that both looked out over water dotted with Herreshoff boats. Morgan himself had a collection of them, and many another Newporter possessed at least one. John Pierpont Morgan ferried to and from the *Corsair* and Arthur Curtiss James to the *Albion* in Bristol-haul tenders. For such men, possessions had to be the best, and for the best boats they went to the boatbuilders of Bristol.

They went in the literal sense. The Herreshoffs, being the ultimate arbiters of sail and steam, did not stir from home to seek out commissions. They themselves were sought out, and future boat owners were never pampered. If they were so rash as to lay down specifications, Nat's blind brother, John, was likely to say in his slow-spoken way: "I'll tell you what you want. . . ."

Ironically, the bellwether of the Herreshoff swing into sail was a branchchild

Nathaniel Herreshoff, the Wizard of Bristol, is credited by many to have been this country's first yacht designer and is the only one to have produced boats for five successful defenses of the America's Cup. But Cap'n Nat was not an isolated phenomenon. He came from a large and inventive family, learned his trade at the age of 11 as the seeing eyes of a blind and infirm naval architect brother and exercised his genius for the most part in collaboration with other Herreshoffs. The following is an excerpt from "Boatbuilders of Bristol," an account of this collaboration soon to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Three Wizards of Bristol

by SAMUEL CARTER III

of the eldest brother, James. Years later his daughter Jeannette recalled how, when she was a little girl, her father took her, one cold winter day, to the frozen harbor to help him try out a model. It had been inspired by the racing craft he had seen in England. With a carpenter's hatchet he hacked out a pond, across which the sailboat scudded at a furious pace.

Satisfied that he had something, James took his craft to John and Nat for approval. What he held out to them was a racing sloop with unconventionally large sails made practical by the depth and weight of the keel—a knifelike metal blade formed like a fin and attached to the hull by torpedo-shaped lead tubing that ran along the bottom and provided extra ballast.

John felt it slowly, with critical fingers, and was noncommittal. Nathaniel muttered something about the plan being a little radical, but he probably was simply manifesting his habitual resistance to any of James' ideas—the crazy galeot! But Nat Herreshoff was no man to dig in his heels against pioneering. He carried James' small ship off to his workshop, studied it and improved the design. The creation of the fin keeler, as it came to be known in American racing, was subsequently attributed to Nathaniel Herreshoff by most authorities.

When John and Nat decided to name their first full-scale fin keeler *Dilemma*, James was disgusted. He took occasion to explain, to anyone who asked, that the word referred to a donkey trying to choose between two bales of hay. Rancor, however, evaporated in success. *Dilemma* performed far better than even James had dared hope.

In practical terms, a measure of its success was that Edwin Morgan promptly ordered two new boats added to his armada. They were not, strictly speaking, fin keelers, but they did embody *Dilemma*'s seminal principle: outsized sails counterbalanced by depth and weight. Their real importance lay in their paving the way for *Gloriana*, the true forerunner of the modern yacht.

More than radical, *Gloriana* was revolutionary. Forty-five feet on the waterline, she had an astounding 25-foot overhang. Yet 60% of her total weight was below the surface. Her bronze-plated keel terminated in a lead bulb rather like a fat Corona cigar. Not only did this lend her stability, it enabled her to pivot in virtually her own length. So much sail could be loaded on this boat and her successors that they were bitterly called racing cheaters.

Every iota of *Gloriana* stemmed from the patience, knowledge, imagination and skills of the Herreshoffs. Rig and fittings were tailored to a millimeter for lightness without sacrifice of strength. Stock hardware was unworthy of her. All metal fittings were hammered out in the yard's own machine shops and at the yard's forges.

Under Morgan's ownership, with Nathaniel—as daring and skillful a skipper as he was a designer—at the helm, the lovely *Gloriana* was a dark horse when she entered the 46-foot class of racing sloops developed by the Herreshoffs' friendly rival, Edward Burgess. Burgess, whose son Stirling was later to design three cup defenders of his own, was author of two winning America's Cup defenders and had had a brilliant career. Perhaps it was merciful that he was not

continued

present to witness *Gloriana's* victories, for she flew across the finish line eight times in succession ahead of the field. Shortly before, on July 12, 1887, Burgess had died of typhoid fever at the age of 42, and *The New England Magazine* mourned:

*Oh, who shall lift the wand of magic power
And the last clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.*

Within three years the window was finished, the question answered: Nat Herreshoff.

The Herreshoffs were not men to rest on their laurels. *Gloriana* was a triumph, therefore their next boat must outdo *Gloriana*. The upshot of the effort was a sloop named *Wasp*, an offspring of *Gloriana* so refined and lightly built that the doors below stuck fast when she heeled over. Any unfortunate caught in the head had to wait until the boat came about. At the precise instant of luff the door could be opened.

Wasp sailed for the most part under the command of a cocky little Scotsman named Charlie Barr, who was signed on by the Herreshoffs when he was only 25 years old. Barr, who started life in the Scottish village of Gourcock close to the River Clyde, was a man after the Herreshoff heart. Other skippers tended to distrust and dislike the little Scotsman because he often took risks they considered outrageous. All the same, with the instincts of a born gambler, he invariably knew the odds and exactly how to win on them. Such a man naturally got the pick of the good jobs and top pay, and this fact did not make Charlie Barr any more popular with his rivals. The Herreshoffs cared little. He could sail.

At the time their beautiful *Wasp* was built the Herreshoff brothers paid little heed to the races that took place from time to time for the America's Cup. For one thing, they were generally held off New Jersey's Sandy Hook, which was too far from Bristol, R.I. to seem very pertinent. For another, they seemed to be the exclusive property of Edward Burgess.

Between 1870 and 1881 the cup had been successfully defended four times, twice against Britain, twice against Canada. Beginning in 1885, Burgess chalked up six victories in as many races. With

his death, however, the wind veered to the Bristol quarter. *Gloriana's* and *Wasp's* remarkable records pointed to Nat Herreshoff as the man to take over, an idea the press underscored.

It was not quite straight sailing. A syndicate of New York Yacht Club members, headed by William K. Vanderbilt and J. P. Morgan, backed the Herreshoffs against two Boston firms. Vanderbilt was authoritative. He knew exactly what he wanted and spelled it out to Nathaniel: *Colonia*, the new sloop, was to follow, almost to a T, the lines of *Wasp*. Nat's temper, never too latent, bridled. Nobody told the Herreshoffs how to build boats. Subconsciously he set out to teach Vanderbilt a lesson.

Each new Herreshoff boat was his child, created with total passion however soon he forgot it after casting it out of the nest to sink or swim. Now he was being asked to duplicate a craft, with no leeway to better her. Yet neither he nor his brothers were insensible to pecuniary considerations. Nor were they above stirring up internecine war between their seagoing progeny. If such a struggle would redound to their credit or prove a point for them.

Vanderbilt had picked the Herreshoff family pride, and the brothers determined to even the score. No holds were barred. The brothers shopped around for another syndicate to oppose the yacht club group and had no trouble in finding one. Edwin Morgan rounded up a list of 11 contributors, including August Belmont and Cornelius Vanderbilt, with Oliver Iselin as manager. These gentlemen put in a bid for a defender to be called *Vigilant*. Her name was the only stricture imposed on the brothers Herreshoff.

A curious affair ensued. In their south shed the Herreshoffs were constructing, in perfect good faith according to the contract, a vessel in which they had no faith. In the north shed they were lovingly building the competitor they knew could kill off the other boat. It was no case of the right hand not knowing what the left hand was doing; each hand knew exactly what its mate was up to. But one was rearing a child of love, the other an offspring inseminated artificially outside the family union.

The outcome was never in doubt. Other designers were imitating the Herreshoffs, while the Herreshoffs themselves, on the basis of past performances,

were moving on to innovations and improvements.

Either James or Nat (they fought this out over the drawing board) now concluded that the fin keel, already widely accepted, had certain disadvantages when attached to large boats. Chief among them, it presented enormous surface resistance to the water. *Vigilant* was, accordingly, supplied with a hollow bronze centerboard that could be raised almost flush with the hull or dropped to an overall depth of 24 feet.

Vigilant beat *Colonia* in the trials, as the Herreshoffs knew she would. They also knew why. So did the New York Yacht Club syndicate, which felt it had been cheated and demanded that a deeper keel be attached to *Colonia*. The Herreshoffs refused on the grounds that the ship in the Bristol shipyards was too shallow to float so monstrous a protuberance. They had won, and the losers were not going to tell them again how to design a yacht.

Of course, there was no choice open to the race officials but to accept *Vigilant* against the English challenger, *Valkyrie II*, entered by the Earl of Dunraven. From the outside the contretemps looked decidedly questionable and did not endear the Herreshoffs to the American press or public. The Herreshoffs didn't give a damn.

Yacht racing in that year of 1893 was to Americans of every stripe what big-league baseball was to become a few years later. Just as on the opening day of the World Series, more office boys had to go to their grandmothers' funerals on the afternoon of the first cup race than on any other day of the summer.

New York had her first view of *Valkyrie II* when she arrived on Sept. 22, under sail, as was required then by the New York Yacht Club rules. She was judged to be a sleek and threatening vessel, reputed a "demon in light airs and a very devil in a blow." Regarding her from the deck of *Vigilant*, the Herreshoffs were unimpressed. She was a keelboat, and they were betting on their heavily ballasted centerboard. They knew *Vigilant* was a mechanical marvel, with hitherto undreamed-of contrivances for controlling her operations.

The two contenders met under trying, almost alarming, circumstances. New York Harbor was so choked with private yachts, excursion steamers and

swarms of small boats that Dunraven irritably had a mammoth sign hoisted up his sloop's halyards warning fans to KEEP FURTHER OFF.

Like all sports rooters, the crowd longed for heroes. The Herreshoffs were constitutionally unfitted for any such stance, but the sporting English earl could have had the fans in the hollow of his hand if he had not been so ornery. At first sight he seemed like the very flower of English aristocracy, gifted with an amateur violinist and a writer, and a big-game hunter as well as a sailor) and eccentric (when he arrived in New York wearing a bedroom slipper on one gouty foot, misnamed shoes became *de rigueur* among his admirers). But he was also, it was soon discovered, tyrannical, intolerant and peevish. No one knew this side of his nature better than his crew. They were granted little shore leave, and the newspaper-reading public soon learned that he forced them, in place of rum, to consume Valkyrie cocktails, a nauseating mixture of molasses, tea and sulphur compounded to fortify their nerves and muscles.

When the showdown came, during the opening weeks of October, they and their professional pilot-captain were out to win for England, if not for Dunraven. Against them Nat, appointed by Edwin Morgan to pilot the American boat, took the helm. It was the first time that he had been called "Captain Nat," but Captain Nat he stayed for the rest of his life. Under a faded cap, stoop-shouldered and wearing unpressed white ducks, tiny Nathaniel Herreshoff looked like a fugitive from a Bristol coroner's patch. But his touch was magic; his ship was much a part of him as a horse is part of a rider.

The first two races—the contest was to be three out of five over a 30-mile course—were botched by fluky, unpredictable weather. One engagement even had to be canceled on account of calm. The third was scheduled for Friday the 13th. A strong wind was sweeping across the Sandy Hook peninsula, whipping up whitecaps, rocking and tossing the fleet of spectator craft and causing several mishaps at the starting line, which made the race late in getting under way. By the time *Vigilant* and *Falkyrie* crossed the line the wind had accelerated to al-

most gale force. Sensibly, Nat ordered a reef taken in the mainsail, and Dunraven's boat followed suit. *Falkyrie* made capital of a skilful getaway and sheered ahead, maintaining her advantage and leading *Vigilant* by almost two minutes at the end of the hard drive to windward.

Nat knew he was beaten unless he piked on every inch of canvas *Vigilant* could handle. But her centerboard had jammed and could not be lowered fully to guarantee her stability. What occurred on the run home, which has been called the most exciting yacht race ever sailed, was recorded by a knowledgeable eyewitness, W. P. Stephens:

"On board *Falkyrie* no attempt was made to shake out the reef on the mainsail or to shift topsails; but as soon as *Vigilant* was off the wind, and her spinnaker, sent up in stops in a long, compact rope, was broken out and sheered home, the real work of the day began. Her balloon jib topsail fouled in hoisting, and a man was sent to the topmast head, and thence down the topmast stay, to clear the sail. After this was done a man was sent along the [mainsail] boom, with a lifeline from the masthead about his body, cutting the reef points as he went. Meanwhile a man at the topmast head was lashing the working topsail, clearing the topsail halyard and sending it down to the deck, while another man at the gaff end was doing the same with the topsail sheet. With the working topsail still in place, the whole mainsail was shaken out, the halyards sweated up, and the small club-topsail was sent aloft. By dint of this work, such as was never before witnessed in yachting, at the imminent danger of losing the mast and the race, *Vigilant* sailed past *Falkyrie* near the finish line and led her across by two minutes, thirteen seconds."

When he knew that *Vigilant* had won Nat collapsed. He was below in a coma of exhaustion at the last and did not hear New York Harbor thunder its joy to heaven.

Dunraven was indignant. "It was unfortunate and very irregular, too . . . I have never known it to happen in England." The noble earl blustered and whimpers alternately. The spectator fleet, he alleged, had cramped his style; *Vigilant's* crew of 70 had provided mobile ballast, etc. In short, the contest had not been fair.

Other English yachtsmen took up the

cry so vociferously that George Gould bought *Vigilant* in order to sail her to England and repeat the race under reverse conditions. He talked the proposal over with the Herreshoffs, and Nat agreed to act once more as captain so that the circumstances that had prevailed off Sandy Hook might be duplicated.

Such a challenge was irresistible to British sportsmen, who duly reproduced the hazardous state of affairs that had so crowded the American course—they jammed the Firth of Forth with pleasure craft. Conditions were even worse, in fact, for on the appointed day, early in July 1894, a cutter slashed into *Falkyrie II* and sent the British boat to the bottom. One crewman lost his life.

But this disaster did not end the challenge. There was at that time another British yacht that had been designed by the man who designed *Falkyrie* and was, to all intents and purposes, her sister ship. This was *Britannia*, owned by Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales. His ownership was by courtesy. The prince had never paid for her, since Queen Victoria kept her son short of pocket money. But he openly preferred the high seas—where he was his own master—to any of his mama's palaces. It was plainly up to Bertie to save Britannic face by beating *Vigilant* with his own yacht.

According to custom, the Americans were provided with a local pilot as a "courteous assistance." Courtesy or not, Cap'n Nat resented this form of interference to the depths of his maverick soul. On the last leg of the race *Vigilant* was well up on *Britannia* and the issue seemed decided when the British pilot cautioned Herreshoff to keep his vessel well offshore. There were dangerous rocks and shoals along the coast, he said.

Nat Herreshoff was bound to accede. The instant he pulled off course, however, *Britannia* slipped shoreward, taking advantage of a breeze well known to local sailors, and won the race with authority. *Vigilant* was beaten and the pride of the royal family salvaged in the nick of time. The English pilot had done no more than his loyal duty.

In his elation, Albert Edward was moved to a generous gesture. He signaled that he was coming over to shake hands with his opponent. That was the last straw. Tuming, Nathaniel Herreshoff fled below decks and hid there until the prince had left.

END

You are invited to audition FREE for 10 days

THE OPULENT ERA

... first volume in an extraordinary culture
program combining great music, art and text: THE STORY OF GREAT MUSIC.

The Editors of Time-Life Records, in cooperation with the producers of Angel Records, invite you to enjoy a profound musical experience: *The Opulent Era*, introductory volume in an exceptional series, *The Story of Great Music*. Outstanding works of seven musical giants are presented to you on four 12" LP stereo records, as you take this brilliant sound, word and picture journey through the late 19th century.

LA BELLE EPOQUE

This was an era which for the most part was filled with artistic serenity and graceful aristocratic ladies in gowns of tulle and tulle. People strolled through international exhibitions of science and industry; drove in elegant coaches through the Bois in Paris or around the Ringstrasse in Vienna; or took the waters at Baden-Baden—always surrounded by the audible evidence of music. The music composed between 1850 and 1900 included works that have long held a place among the most familiar and popular compositions in the repertoires of orchestras and opera houses. Wagner gave a totally new dimension to opera by creating the "music drama", Tchaikovsky's ballets and symphonies pour out seemingly inexhaustible melodies; the mighty sonorities of a symphony by Brahms express emotions mastered and carefully directed.

From Wagner, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky to Johann Strauss, Offenbach, Bruckner and Saint-Saëns, *The Opulent Era* comes brilliantly alive in the interpretations of such organizations as The Philharmonia Orchestra, The Sadler's Wells Orchestra and The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra and artists like Birgit Nilsson, Hans Hotter and Michael Rabin...conductors like Otto Klemperer, Carlo Maria Giulini and Herbert von Karajan. Your understanding of the music is enriched by the sumptuous, yet lively, 60-page companion book, profusely illustrated with the work of Degas, Renoir and Manet, plus a useful Listener's Guide to the music. A 5,000-word introduction to the series and a brilliant essay on "The Art—and Pleasure—of Listening" by the distinguished critic and scholar, Jacques Barzun, are also included with the first volume.



NO COST, NO OBLIGATION

We will send you *The Opulent Era* on approval. Enjoy the four LP stereo records and the books on your own for 10 days. Then, if you decide not to keep them, simply return them without cost or obligation. If you choose to make them a permanent part of your home's cultural library, we will bill you for just \$12.95, plus a small charge for shipping and handling. At the same time, we will confirm your reservation for future volumes in *The Story of Great Music*. The records and books will arrive at approximately two-month intervals on the same 10-day free audition basis. You may withdraw from the series at any time.

A REWARDING CULTURAL ADVENTURE

As succeeding volumes in *The Story of Great Music* arrive, new vistas of deep and lasting enjoyment will open to you and your family. Volumes to come: *The Baroque Era*...with such musical giants as Handel, Bach, Purcell, Vivaldi, Couperin. *The Romantic Era*...Berlioz, Liszt, Mendelssohn. *The Age of Elegance*...from "Papa" Haydn to Mozart. *The Age of Revolution*...from Beethoven to Rossini. *The Twentieth Century*...Stravinsky, Bartok, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Schoenberg, Gershwin. Begin this rewarding adventure today by mailing the coupon on the left. If the coupon is missing, simply write to: OPULENT, Time-Life Records, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611. We'll do the rest.

FREE PRIVILEGE COUPON

TO: TIME-LIFE RECORDS 8745-13
Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611

Please send me the exciting and colorful "The Opulent Era" album for 10 days free audition. After that time I may return the four records and illustrated book without obligation. If I decide to keep them, I will pay \$12.95 (plus postage and handling). Other albums and books from "The Story of Great Music" will be sent to me at two-month intervals at the same price. I am under no obligation to purchase any minimum number and may cancel my free-examination privilege at any time.

MR./MRS./MISS (Please print clearly)
Address
City State Zip
Signature

*In Canada add \$2.00

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BUFFALO'S LAST STAND

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert's article about Arizona's appalling buffalo massacre (*The Great Buffalo Hunt? Show! Show!*, Nov. 23) is the best (maybe I should say worst) story I've seen in some time. It was a tremendous shock to me to find out that such a thing could go on in this day and age, especially under the auspices of the government. It should trouble the consciences of all concerned to allow this outrage to continue. It seems sad to me that man, who is supposed to be civilized, should be able to find either sport or thrill in slaughtering the helpless buffalo, one of America's most magnificent, misunderstood and endangered species.

SPENCER SULLIVAN

Corvallis, Ore.

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert's article made me sick. If the buffalo must be slaughtered, why not shoot them in pens with shotgun slugs rather than allow them to be cut down piece by piece by people who have difficulty hitting the side of a barn?

CONRAD REISS

Howard Beach, N.Y.

Sirs:

The 474 gunners who applied for the chance to shoot 80 excess buffalo in Arizona would probably long to go to India to shoot surplus people.

KENNETH BOWEN

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

If the buffalo herd must be thinned commensurate with the available forage, there is nothing morally wrong with the method used. It just should not be considered a hunt or a sport, because the element that makes the pursuit of game a challenge is missing.

HARRY CANNITY

Kingsport, Tenn.

Sirs:

Aren't there other states that could use the buffalo to create or bolster herds of their own?

ARTHUR O'DONNELL

Bayonne, N.J.

Sirs:

What a tragedy! Why doesn't the state of Arizona appeal for funds to feed the extra buffalo? If we knew where to send money I'm sure we could save them.

TONY AKLEY

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

The best shots of the day were taken by the author, and I hope they were noted.

KENNETH BOWEN

West Palm Beach, Fla.

VIRINO'S RETURN

Sirs:

Please extend my thanks to William Johnson for an article (*My Adventures of a Viking Grandson*, Nov. 16) that does more to capture the spirit and quality of the Nordic people than any I have read. It brings back many fond memories of my boyhood in Norway and a most intense desire to return to a land that had the foresight to strengthen its ecological awareness. *Hverjeldgensen* told!

ARNOLD LOBBEN SVENDSEN, M.D.

San Francisco

STOP ACTION

Sirs:

My admiration for the cartoons of Michael Rattus knows no bounds, and he has captured the spirit of hockey in the most remarkable way (*The Game Behind the Battle*, Nov. 23). However, as my friend the world-famous referee (*below*) might point out, the linesman who flashes down the tank after an icing call delivers the puck to his fellow linesman and not to the referee.

CHARLES M. SCHULZ

Sebastopol, Calif.

Sirs:

A tremendous round of applause is due Michael Rattus for his satirical and witty portrayal of hockey players and officials. The facial expressions were superb, as was the action. I sincerely hope to see more of Mr. Rattus' work in the weeks to come.

JACK QUIGLEY

Chelsea, Mass.



TM, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.
© 1970 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

GENERATION GAP

Sirs:

As a Denver Bronco fan I would like to make a strong protest against a pro football rule that forces young players to compete against older, mature men. On Nov. 15 a 43-year-old quarterback from Oakland came into the game in the last four minutes and took his team 80 yards in six plays to beat us. He does things like this all the time. He has 21 years of pro experience; some of his opponents aren't much older than that. This is unfair. I suggest that this fellow, George something-or-other, be sent to Siberia, inducted into the Hall of Fame—or traded to our team.

FRANK A. WILDER

Denver

Sirs:

"WANTED": George Blanda, age 43, 6' 2", 235 pounds. This man is wanted in Denver, Kansas City and, especially, Cleveland. He formerly operated out of Chicago and Houston. He is now hiding in Oakland. He possesses a rifle arm and a big boot and is considered very, very dangerous. He has a long record dating back to 1949, and he always works with a group of 10 other men, all younger than himself.

GILLY MILLER

Piedmont, Calif.

Sirs:

Let George Do It—And He Does (Nov. 23) by Tex Maule was a well-written article on an old pro. George Blanda has captured the hearts of all 40-year-old men. He has become a hero of my father. Good show, George, keep it up.

BOB HANNA

Auburn, Mass.

HEEL AND TOE

Sirs:

Your article about walker Dave Romanovsky (*Rifle Collar Walker*, Nov. 23) certainly points out the determination and sacrifice necessary to achieve excellence in any field. However, I feel the implied condemnation of Dave's employer, Du Pont, was totally unfair. Olympic track and amateur competition. In fact, if Du Pont were to extend special consideration to Mr. Romanovsky and, in effect, employ him as a walker, could not his amateur status be compromised?

PAUL STAVENS

Belchertown, Mass.

Sirs:

A YMCA that deprives youngsters of the inspiration and talent of a Dave Romanovsky because he lacks a college degree has failed in its main duty to provide young people

continued

**This stubborn runt
holds its ground anywhere.
It's got Jeep guts.**



**The original Jeep Universal—
the world's most imitated 4-wheel drive vehicle.**

You expect short guys to have more guts. Meet the shortest of them all. The Jeep Universal. It's got the guts to hold on, even in the roughest country.

And the guts to take you places no one else dares. That's because its beefy multi-leaf suspension system is built to take everything in stride. What's more, its protective frame is the toughest we've ever made—thick enough to make sure you get out in one piece.

The Universal is a no-compromise

off-road performer. That's why competing vehicles eat its dust.

Want proof? It's taken most of the biggest off-road events—the Riverside 4WD Grand Prix, Baja 500, Mint 400.

And this off-road vehicle comes equipped with special jumbo-size wheels—a full 16 inches. So you won't bog down in potholes that stop others. And you'll float over sand dunes and out of quiches.

But the Universal is more than a glory hound. It's built for hard work,

too. Comes with one of the longest lists of pushing, pulling, winching options anywhere. Even roll-bars. Choice of fabric or metal top.

This runt has the guts to hold its ground—and its value. Just try to buy a used one.

**The toughest
4-letter word on wheels.**

 **Jeep**

Products from American Motors

We made the tobacco for your favorite pipe.



Sail is blended in Holland from 14 of the world's smoothest, gentlest tobaccos. It's extra long cut to give you a slow-burning, cool smoke. Try it, it won't bite. Sail is imported in four blends from natural to fully aromatic. It will make your favorite pipe taste even better.

Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeijer  Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1819. Available in handy pocket  pouches and larger size export tins.

18TH HOLE

with leaders to look up to and emulate. A firm such as Du Pont that cannot afford to pay a man who presents the positive image of our country in competition that Dave Romansky does for the few days a year that he takes off above and beyond his allotted vacation has more than demonstrated a narrowness of policy.

NEIL WASSERMAN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Thank you for the long overdue recognition of race-walker Dave Romansky. His plight is the classic example of what an outdated amateur code can do to the life of a man who wants to compete for his country. If the U.S. fails to realign its amateur rights the Romanskys of America will be driven out of competition.

By the way, Dave's dedication extends to coaching as well. He competes and coaches for the Delaware Track & Field Club. Over Thanksgiving weekend he took eight girls, ranging from 8 to 18, to the national AAU cross-country races in St. Louis.

ROBERT V. BOHR, Vice-President

Delaware Track & Field Club, Inc.
Wilmington, Del.

CLARIFICATIONS

Sirs:

I would like to clarify my remarks of several weeks ago, which were quoted in *SPORTSMAN* (Nov. 9) with specific reference to Jerry Lucas. The point I was making concerning no-suit, no-trade contracts was that they result in instant security for the players, which in turn results in stifled motivation, desire and dedication in an endeavor that demands these intangibles for success. I stated that players *unconsciously* did not get the most out of their abilities when this additional challenge was removed.

The question was asked of me by the interviewer if Jerry Lucas was an example of this, since he had stated recently that he had lost 20 pounds, had worked out all summer and was ready to have his best year. My response was that it was highly possible that Jerry could play better this year unencumbered by financial problems and able to concentrate completely on basketball.

I frankly am ashamed of myself for allowing any other interpretation to be placed on my words. And I agree completely with Pepper Wilson's point (Oct. 11, Nov. 23) that Jerry Lucas' performance over the past nine years has been outstanding. In my experience Jerry has always been a gentleman and a fine basketball player whose record in sports speaks for itself.

BOB COLEMAN, Coach
Cincinnati Royals

Cincinnati

● See page 16 — E.D.



Been looking for that great,
ungainly pen your father had in 1927?



Big Red writes again

Recently a young woman friend of ours went up to her folks' attic. As she rummaged through the ostrich-feather boas and raccoon coats, a huge Chinese-red pen fell onto the floor.

Parker Duofold, it said on the side. This is positively Victorian, she thought. Modern pens are sleek and shiny. This is a plain and honest handful.

Her conclusion: Here was a find, a treasure from the good old days.

And we're inclined to agree with

her. Too many good things get lost in the shuffle. It's time to get back to fundamental values. It's time for virtue to triumph.

So we're bringing back the giant of a pen that roared through the Twenties and Thirties writing checks, letters, autographs, great novels, jazz and mash notes.

Yes, Big Red writes again. Not that he hasn't been modernized somewhat. He now has a solit tip. And he now refills conveniently with a cartridge in four vivid colors. But he's the

same Big Red at heart—and he's yours for just \$5.

That's right, \$5. Where else can you find such a marvelous fun-gift at that Victorian price? So think big. Give big. Big Red—the most substantial gift in town.



World's smallest, lightest rangefinder 35.

Sight-of-hand magic

Full-size 35mm photos, accurate focusing and automatic electronic exposure control (daylight and flash) in a featherweight rangefinder camera that's little larger than a pack of 100mm cigarettes.

All this, plus needle-sharp 1/2 & Hesaon lens, shutter speeds to 1/650 sec, end Insta-Grip take-up spool, for less than \$90.

That's not magic. That's a miracle.

See the new Konica C35, now available in a handsome Presentation Gift Kit, wherever quality cameras are sold.



THE INCREDIBLE
KONICA C35

KONICA CAMERA CORP., BOX 1070, WOODSIDE, N.Y. 11377



CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands \$12.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year, all others \$16.00 a year.

To order \$1, check box ☐ new ☐ renewal

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to **Sports Illustrated**
Time Life Building
Chicago, Illinois 60611

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

TEETH MOLE *continued*

Sirs:

Pepper Wilson began his letter by saying, "All too often we are prone to make comments without doing our homework." He then stated that Jerry Lucas was only the second player in NBA history to average both 20 points and 20 rebounds in a single season.

With Chamberlain and Bob Pettit both achieved this feat during the 1960-61 season, and since Jerry followed these two into the league he would be the third. Pepper Wilson was general manager of the Cincinnati team at that time.

JIM BENSALE

Englewood, N.J.

JOE & CARROLL & DON

Sirs:

Fifteen yards to Carroll Rosenbloom for unsportsmanlike conduct (*The Rosenblooms: Robbie Bow!*, Nov. 9). In a day and age when football owners do their Christmas horse trading at will, not to mention Charles O. Finley's annual Deal-A-Manager telethon, methinks I hear the sounds of a man who is about to land on the floor where the rug used to be.

I nominate cantankerous Carroll for the 1970-71 They Can Dish It Out But They Can't Take It Award.

BOB MOORE

Santa Rosa, Calif.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's story about the Rosenblooms-Robbie Bow! includes a gratuitous comment: "The casual visitor to the gritty working-man's town called Baltimore..." Olsen obviously was a casual visitor—and an irresponsible one. Knowing off somebody else's city is good copy, but without supporting evidence it is reprehensible. Certainly parts of Baltimore fit the Olsen description, as do parts of Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit or—forgive me—New York. Other parts, as in other cities, are captivating or even beautiful. Did Olsen ever stroll through Charles Center, Bolton Hall or Cross Keys or look across the city from the top of Federal Hill?

Baltimore's curse is not that it is gritty, but that it is that "other" city between New York and Washington. Its economic survival depends on shedding the image imposed by people who know nothing about it. Olsen's puerile comment, read by hundreds of thousands of people, sustains an impression that takes money out of our pockets and, speaking for two million Baltimoreans, I resent it.

GRINN OWENS

Ruston, Md.

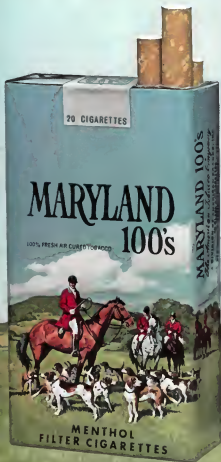
Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg.**, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

The world's most popular Christmas Club.
Luxuriously gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

Maryland 100's...first with the Made-for-Menthol blend



**100% fresh-
air-cured
tobacco**

Fresher Menthol Flavor-

that's what you get in
MARYLAND 100's.

Until now, you've never tasted
menthol the way it should taste
in a cigarette, because you've
always had to smoke it with some
heat-treated tobacco. MARYLAND
tobacco is 100% fresh-air-cured.
We treat it to fresh air for up to
8 long weeks—so it treats menthol
better. Today, taste menthol for
the first time the way it should
taste... in all its freshness.
Try MARYLAND 100's—the first
Made-for-Menthol blend.